The Outlook

OCTOBER 25, 1916

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE OUTLOOK AND MEXICO

The New York "World" of October 17 contains a despatch from Mexico City which quotes from an interview given to Mr. Gregory Mason, of The Outlook's staff, who is now in Mexico, by General Pablo Gonzales, one of General Carranza's right-hand men. In the interview as reported in the "World" General Gonzales condemns President Wilson for his treatment of Mexico on the ground of "his repeated lack of frankness and clarity," and expresses himself as preferring to intrust the welfare of his country to any conceivable "aggression from Hughes" rather than "to the doubtful friendship of Wilson." In this despatch the "World" makes the following statement: "Speaking for the Government, General Pablo Gonzales to-day gave replies to a representative of The Outlook, of New York, to a series of questions on Mexican affairs and conditions, and concerning the relations between Mexico and the United States."

Mr. Mason telegraphs us that he is on his way home and is bringing the full text of this interview with him. We hope to be able to publish it in the next issue of The Outlook. In his telegram he says: "General Gonzales blames President Taft for the downfall of Madero, but assails President Wilson and prefers Hughes."

Since the death of Madero we have endeavored to keep our readers informed, at first hand as far as possible, as to the Mexican situation. In pursuit of this policy we have published during the last two years articles that have attracted wide attention. Among these were a series of papers by Mr. Caspar Whitney, published in The Outlook for May 5, 12, 19, and 26, 1915, which included a narration of maltreatment of innocent persons, many of whom were Americans, in Mexico; articles by Edward I. Bell, published in The Outlook for October 6, 13, and 20, 1915, in the course of which he pointed out those respects in which General Carranza has failed to observe the ordinary laws of justice and fair dealing in his administration of Mexico; an article by President Charles W. Dabney, of the University of Cincinnati, in our issue of March 22, 1916, outlining a policy of helpfulness toward Mexico; and an article in our issue of October 27, 1915, by Mr. Andrés Osuna, a Mexican, formerly of the Educational Department of that country, eulogizing the personality and character of General Carranza.

In addition to publishing these special articles we sent Mr. Mason to Mexico, once in May, 1914, and again in April, 1916. He has now been visiting that country for the third time in behalf of The Outlook.

We believe that our readers will find Mr. Mason's forthcoming articles on the Mexican situation illuminating and instructive. His visits to Mexico have been made, not to further any preconceived political notions or the fortunes of any party or faction, but to learn at first hand something about the prevailing social and industrial conditions in that country. We have sent him on these missions of investigation in the hope and belief that they will aid The Outlook in its efforts to discuss the Mexican problem with intelligence, candor, and human sympathy.

THE STORY OF THE WAR: GREECE AND THE ALLIES

The complex situation in Greece was probably brought to a head last week by the action of the Allies in taking over the Greek naval ships at Piræus, Athens's port, and in landing marines in Athens itself. This was followed by demonstrations in the streets of Athens made by those who sympathize with the King and his party. Naturally in the capital the royal influence is stronger than throughout the country. As we write, French marines are reported to be near the palace, and a delegation of Greeks have left at the American Legation resolutions asking the sympathy and protection of the United States against foreign encroachment in Greece.

It will be remembered that some of the ships of the weak Greek navy were taken charge of by the Allies on October 11.

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Those now taken over include two ships bought over two years ago from the United States. The reason ascribed for the seizing of the ships is to insure the safety of the Allies' ships in Greek waters. The landing of marines is for the preservation of order in the capital, and to prevent such a situation arising as would hinder the Allies in the campaign already begun against the Bulgarian, Austrian, and German forces, a campaign which has and must have its base in Greece.

Thus comes to a crisis the serious situation in Greece. It is generally admitted that a majority of the people of the country are favorable to the Allies and would like to see Greece ranged in the ranks of the Allies. On the other hand, King Constantine, whose wife is a sister of the Kaiser, and who has many German affiliations, has more or less openly opposed this desire of the Greek people, and with him naturally stand many officers of the army appointed by him and members of that political party which is closely under Government control. From the beginning the Greek Government, whenever the King's influence was in the ascendency, has tried to carry water on both shoulders, to placate the Allies temporarily and yet to embarrass them and delay action by Greece.

Venizelos represents the pro-Ally Greek sentiment, and is already at the head of a provisional revolutionary government at Salonika. He is to-day, as he long has been, the ablest and most influential man in Greece; if he has his way, Greece will definitely follow the example of Rumania and become an active ally of the Entente Powers.

It is imperative that the situation in Greece should be cleared up before the Allies' great advance through Macedonia and to the relief of Servia and Rumania is pushed on a large scale. This is for the simple reason that such an advance, with the seaport of Salonika as its base, must not be exposed to treacherous attack or sudden quarrels in its rear. The Allies entered Greece with the informal consent of the Government as it stood then, and from that day to this have waited patiently for a definite decision by the tricky and undependable Greek Cabinets which have tried to steer a middle course. If Venizelos had continued in power and the Court influence had been restrained, it would have been better, not only for the Allies, but for Greece and for the world at large. Greece, it is supposed, could put an army of three hundred thousand men in the field, and it is inconceivable that the Allies should not protect themselves against the danger that this army should be misused by a reactionary Government and a reactionary element in the army itself.

ON THE BATTLE-LINES

The latest reports in our week—October 11 to 18—indicate that the Rumanian armies both in Transylvania and the Dobrudja are offering more resistance to the attacks by the Teuton forces under General von Falkenhayn and General von Mackensen than their previous repulses had promised. There is no doubt that the Rumanian army was at first badly beaten back in Transylvania, but on October 18 Bucharest despatches asserted that it had in turn actually driven back the Teuton forces near Kronstadt. The almost piteous appeal of the King of Rumania to the Allies for assistance lest Rumania share the fate of Servia and Belgium perhaps made the situation look a little more desperate than it is. That immediate aid can come from the Allies advancing on Macedonia or Bulgaria is not, from the military point of view, possible. More probable is the advent of Russian forces under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas through the eastern part of the Rumanian territory; indeed, there are signs of Russian assistance on a large scale already appearing.

In another way Russia is aiding Rumania by the intensity and violence of its attacks against the common enemy farther north, where the movements towards Kovel and Lemberg continue. The German and Austrian reports of October 17 assert that these Russian attacks are being withstood, but admit that the attacks continue "without the slightest sign of diminution of fury." The Germans have been carrying out a new and active offensive in the Carpathians.

Meanwhile Italy is doing her part in the great game of striking the enemy at widely removed points on its whole line by renewing the Italian drive against Trieste. Last week brought reports of smashing drives by the Italians on the Carso Plateau and of valuable gains in the general offensive along the entire Isonzo line.

In the Somme offensive the most noted gain of the week was that of France in getting possession of a considerable part of the village of Sailly, northeast of Combles, which forms a strong part of the German defense

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against the advance towards Bapaume, and by the British in gaining and holding the famous Schwaben redoubt, which had long been a thorn in the side of the British attack. Week by week the Somme advance goes on, and, small as are the gains measured by miles, there seems to be force in General Haig's declaration that "the uninterrupted, systematic pressure of the Entente armies must finally exhaust the morale and material forces of the Central Powers, especially as to the existing reserves of war material."

THE ALLIES' NOTE AS TO NEUTRAL MAIL

The full text of the note from the British and French Governments in reply to the American note in regard to the treatment of neutral mail by the Allies was published last week. It is rather a discussion of points and principles involved than a proposal for new action. The Allies quite correctly declare (and sustain their contention by historical instances) that there is no real difference of opinion between this country and themselves as to the right of a belligerent to examine neutral mail whenever it is probable that such mail may contain contraband matter. On the other hand, every one concedes that neutral countries and individuals are entitled to have their mail held inviolable unless such a probability exists. So that the real question is whether in their conduct in this war the Allies in exercising recognized rights have pushed those rights to such a point as to violate their obligations.

The note points out that information for the enemy may be as truly military assistance, and therefore contraband, as munitions, and also that under the modern parcels post methods it is quite possible that considerable quantities of things which are physically contraband may be conveyed. As to the first point, the note shows that this is not a theory merely by asserting that as a pure matter of fact hostile acts projected through the mails have been frustrated and dangerous plots have been discovered in the mails and baffled. Furthermore, the Allies claim that money, or credit for money, sent to an enemy country through the mail is quite as much military assistance as commodities.

Our Government has tried to make a distinction between the ordinary seizure of mails on the high seas and the taking of neutral ships into British ports for the searching of mails there, the imputation being that things are done in the latter form of search which would not and could not be done in the former. The Allies reply that the ships are taken into port with the consent of their owners and for the mutual convenience of the searching government and the owners, and that the Allies have never subjected the mails to a different treatment from what might legally have been carried out on the high seas. As to the delay and inconvenience caused by the searching of the mails, it is admitted that this must exist to some extent, but it is claimed that steps have been taken to reduce the delay and to make the search as little injurious as possible.

That no search for hostile information could be worth while unless covers of letters even from neutrals to neutrals were opened is asserted; but it is claimed that letters which do not cover improper purposes are not molested, although just how the distinction is made does not seem very clear. In this connection the Allies, with some natural feeling, point out that many neutral mail-bags have been, "not examined, to be sure, but purely and simply destroyed at sea by the German naval authorities," and refers to one recent case, that of the Swedish steamer Hudikswall, carrying 670 mail-bags.

As the American note referred to the Hague Convention XI, the Allies state that they do not consider that convention binding because it has not been signed or ratified by several of the belligerents, but add that they recognize the force of the convention as having the validity, not of law, but of reason, and that they have guided their action as regards mails so far as possible by the principles therein laid down.

In short, the tone of the note is conciliatory and reasonable but firm. It expresses an intention to do everything possible to secure neutral rights, but not an intention to push theoretical considerations to a point which would allow neutral mails to be used as a valuable asset to the enemies of the Allies.

PRESIDENT WILSON SPEAKS AT SHADOW LAWN

Shadow Lawn, the President's summer home on the coast of New Jersey, was the scene of his regular Saturday campaign speech on October 14, when he addressed a large delegation of men and women from Pennsylvania.

The larger part of his speech was devoted

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to a discussion of machine rule. The President, without mentioning the names of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Pinchot and the other Progressives who in Pennsylvania supported the Democratic nominee for Governor two years ago against the Penrose machine, declared that "certain gentlemen" who had "allied themselves with the Progressive Democrats" have now "joined their fortunes with the very machine which they were then trying to break up." He similarly attacked the Republicans of New Jersey by declaring that they were "trying to put in the saddle in the State of New Jersey influences which came out of one of the most lawless communities in this State—I mean the communities that lie along the coast of Atlantic County, communities which have habitually refused to obey the laws of the State." The President, in connection with this, as with his references to Pennsylvania, omitted all names. This sort of veiled attack renders it impossible for the accused to make any answer without naming themselves, and yet leaves them, if silent, under imputations which may be altogether false.

The President praised the rank and file of the Progressives, and declared that the contests at Chicago four years ago and this year "were for the control of the machinery of the party"—manifestly the Republican party. The President added that now, after the smoke has cleared away, "we see standing out before us that familiar Old Guard that has never for a moment been disturbed in its possession of power."

He emphasized the importance of electing a Congress in sympathy with the President, for, he said, "a President without a Congress . . . can get you into trouble, but he cannot get you out."

He made a telling thrust at the Republicans when he reminded his hearers of the occasion "when the Republican machine was able to compel the majority of its members in the House of Representatives to vote that American citizens had no right to travel on the high seas."

He declared that his opponents were not criticising what was done by the Administration, but only arguing that the thing that was done was done in the wrong way. And he added: "They never can get over that fundamental uneasiness, gentlemen, that America is in charge of somebody else than themselves."

He told his hearers that "at the present moment it is almost impossible to do anything positive in the field of foreign affairs because foreign nations have been led to suppose that there may be a change in our foreign policy." This change of foreign policy he described as the drawing of the United States into the European war and the exploitation of our neighbors in Mexico.

He emphasized what he had said in Omaha by this declaration:

> America is always ready to fight for things that are American. She does not permit herself to be embroiled, but she does know what it would be to be challenged. And when once she is challenged, there is not a man in the United States, I venture to say, so mean, so forgetful of the great heritage of this Nation, that he would not give everything he possessed, including life itself, to stand by the honor of this Nation.

The President left undefined, however, what he regards as a challenge to a nation's honor. He declared that America was saving herself for "something greater that is to come"—namely, a final league of nations formed "in order to show all mankind that no man may lead any nation into acts of aggression without having all the other nations of the world leagued against it."

The President did not indicate how a war of aggression could be more clearly demonstrated than that which Germany has been carrying on for two years, nor how the future league of nations would be more effective than the league of nations that is now opposing that aggression.

MR. ROOSEVELT AT WILKES-BARRE

On the same day that the President was speaking at Shadow Lawn Mr. Roosevelt was addressing the crowds in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, notably at Wilkes-Barre. He characteristically went to a labor center to speak on the dangers coming from autocratic action on the part of labor leaders. Without going into the merits of the eight-hour day, except to say that he believed in it and desired it for the butler and the farm-hand as well, he did most emphatically condemn the method of passing the Adamson so-called Eight-Hour Law when, under what he described as "threat and duress," the principle of arbitration was repudiated and a law put through without an examination of the facts. He declared that President Wilson had furnished

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his own condemnation of this Act by saying that he wished to provide against "the recurrence of such unhappy situations in the future" by securing "the calm and fair arbitration of all such disputes in the days to come." Mr. Roosevelt's comment was that "it is impossible to devise a worse way of vindicating a principle than to flinch ignominiously from enforcing it in the case at issue, and at the same time to seek to cover the ignominy by vociferous protestations about applying it in the nebulous future."

"Remember," said Mr. Roosevelt, "it is the public that in the end will pay. You do not have to take my assertion for this. Take the assertion of Mr. Wilson's master in this matter." And he then quoted the saying of Mr. Garretson, the Chairman of the Railroad Men's Union leaders: "In times like this men go back to primal instinct—to the day of the cave man with his half-gnawed bone, snarling at the other cave man who wanted to take his bone away. We leaders are fighting for our men. The railroads are fighting for their stockholders, and the shippers for themselves. And the public will pay." And Mr. Roosevelt concluded by pointing out to the wage-earners who heard him that those who advocated a policy of surrender in the interest of the workingman when they feel the pressure will also be ready to surrender against the workingman's interest when they feel the pressure from the other side. And he enforced that lesson by this story:

> One day I was riding across a neighbor's ranch with a puncher I had just hired, and we came across a maverick. We got down our ropes, threw the maverick, and built a little fire of sage-brush to heat one of the cinch rings; and the puncher started to run on the brand. I said, "Put on the thistle brand"—the brand of the range we were on. He answered, "All right, boss, I know my business;" and in another minute he had put on my brand, remarking, "I always put on the boss's brand." I answered, "Well, go back to the ranch and get your time." He jumped up and said, "What's that for? I was putting on your brand, wasn't I?" I answered: "Yes, my friend, you were putting on my brand, and if you will steal *for* me you will steal *from* me!"

MR. HUGHES ANSWERS MR. WILSON AND SOME OTHERS

On the Monday following his Saturday speech at Shadow Lawn the President declared that the reactionary leaders opposed to his election wanted to get control of the banks and the banking system, and, in order to back their financial enterprises in Mexico and elsewhere, to control the army and navy of the United States as well; and he urged his hearers to "consent in concert to the same leadership" in order to "hold our own against every kind of inroad." He charged that "very subtle inroads will be attempted;" and he warned his hearers that "we have got to be on the alert to hold what we have got." In brief, the President's warning was against what has been called the "invisible government."

In prompt reply Mr. Hughes, on the next day, at Sioux City, Iowa, declared it to be "a preposterous charge" that he had become a sponsor for invisible government; that he met that charge by a brief review of his own course as Governor of New York State. He reminded his hearers of the gas investigation which he undertook before he was Governor and which resulted in legislation, and of the investigation into insurance, which, he said, related to "the security of the homes of America." Then he reminded his hearers of what happened when he went to the Governor's chair—that there was no barter of appointments for legislation, no semblance of invisible government, no secret or improper influence; that when the great subject of the regulation of public utilities came up he and his associates "went straight to the people of the State," and the people sustained their policies. He also reminded his hearers of the reorganization of the Labor Department. And he summed up by saying that he stood determinedly "against every alliance of business and politics, against every subversion of the machinery of government to any private purpose."

In relation to this charge, Mr. George W. Perkins also made a statement in the form of a letter to the President, in which he declared that the "audacity of some of the statements" made in the President's Monday speech was "past belief." And he continued: "We Progressives who are supporting Mr. Hughes are supporting him because, as Governor of New York, his acts squared with his promises and verbal statements, and we are opposing you because yours do not. We are not for fine phrases; we are for real accomplishments. Your motto seems to be, A problem postponed is a problem solved."

It was in the Sioux City speech also that Mr. Hughes answered inquiries about the

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Eight-Hour Law; and when one of these "hecklers" asked whether he would repeal the Adamson Law, Mr. Hughes replied, "My dear sir, you cannot repeal a surrender." He also pointed out that the law will cease to be in effect before Congress, under the next Administration, assembles in regular session.

And, furthermore, in answer to a question as to what he would have done, Mr. Hughes said:

If arbitration had been refused, I should have gone right to the American people, stated the facts, and put the responsibility where it belonged. I should at the same time have secured a commission of inquiry so impartial, so fair, as to command the respect of the entire country, and directing public opinion to that end. There is no group of men in the United States that would have dared hold up the instrumentalities of Congress if that were done.

A COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

President Wilson has made public the names of seven men whom he has appointed members of an advisory commission to be associated with the Council of National Defense created by the last session of Congress. They are all men of achievement and distinction in their several fields of activity. The seven men are: Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor; Dr. Franklin H. Martin, a distinguished surgeon recommended by the affiliated medical societies of the country; Mr. Howard E. Coffin, the well-known automobile engineer, who has served as chairman of the Committee on Industrial Preparedness of the Naval Consulting Board; Dr. Hollis Godfrey, President of the Drexel Institute at Philadelphia; Mr. Bernard Baruch, a New York banker; and Mr. Julius Rosenwald, the president of a large Chicago mail-order house.

The Outlook has already discussed the organization of the Council of National Defense provided for by the last session of Congress. The function of this Council is described by President Wilson himself as the "co-ordination of all forms of transportation and the development of means of transportation to meet the military, industrial, and commercial needs of the Nation" and the "collection of complete information as to our present manufacturing and producing facilities adapted to the many-sided uses of modern warfare."

For the furtherance of such a purpose the services of the seven men just named by the President should prove of considerable value. But the function of a real Council of National Defense as The Outlook conceives it differs widely from the function of that body created by the last Congress and enthusiastically indorsed by President Wilson.

The Outlook believes that the country should possess a Council of National Defense representing the best brains of industry, the army and navy, Congress, and the Federal Executive. The chief duty of this Council would be the co-ordination of our military power with our National policy. (For example, it would, after study, report as to the military power necessary to enforce the Monroe Doctrine.) Such a Council would seek to determine, first, a definition of our international aims and our National needs; and, second, an exact statement of the expenditure for military purposes required by the situation confronting the country. Such a Council would prepare a budget of military expenditure, and submit this budget to Congress with the full sanction of our military authorities and our civil executives. Congress would then determine the amount of money which it had to expend for military purposes, and then would turn this money over to the Council of National Defense, just as a board of directors votes for the expenditure of a specified sum for a specified purpose and then leaves the expenditure of this sum to the care of a responsible executive.

Perhaps the present "Council of National Defense" represents a step in this direction. At least its existence will serve to aid the business men of the country in co-operating with the Government in the cause of National security.

A MOB-STRIKE

In a double sense the strike in the Standard Oil Works at Bayonne, New Jersey, has been a mob-strike. It had no definite organization or union behind it; it was the movement of a mass or mob of workers who wanted better pay, and who broke spontaneously from their work, almost leaderless. One man, when an official urged the strikers to pay no attention to agitators, declared, "The only agitators are the empty stomachs and sad hearts of the strikers."

Unfortunately the action as well as the organization of the strikers was of the mob order. Their demonstrations were violent, and threats of shooting and burning were followed by criminal assaults and riotous conduct. The

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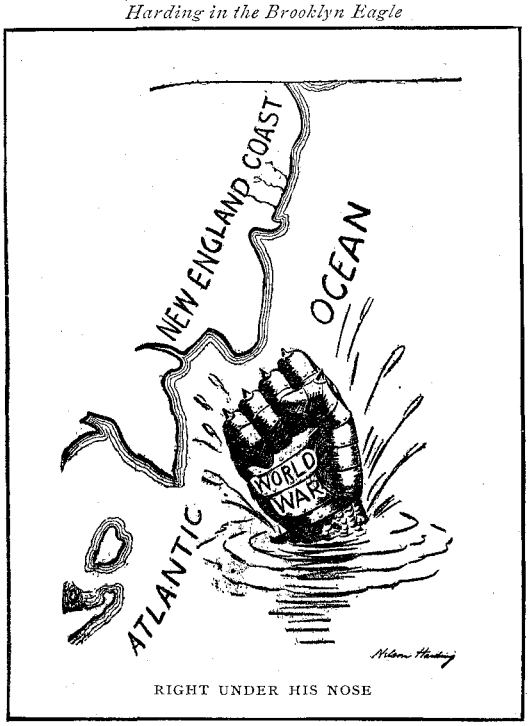
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



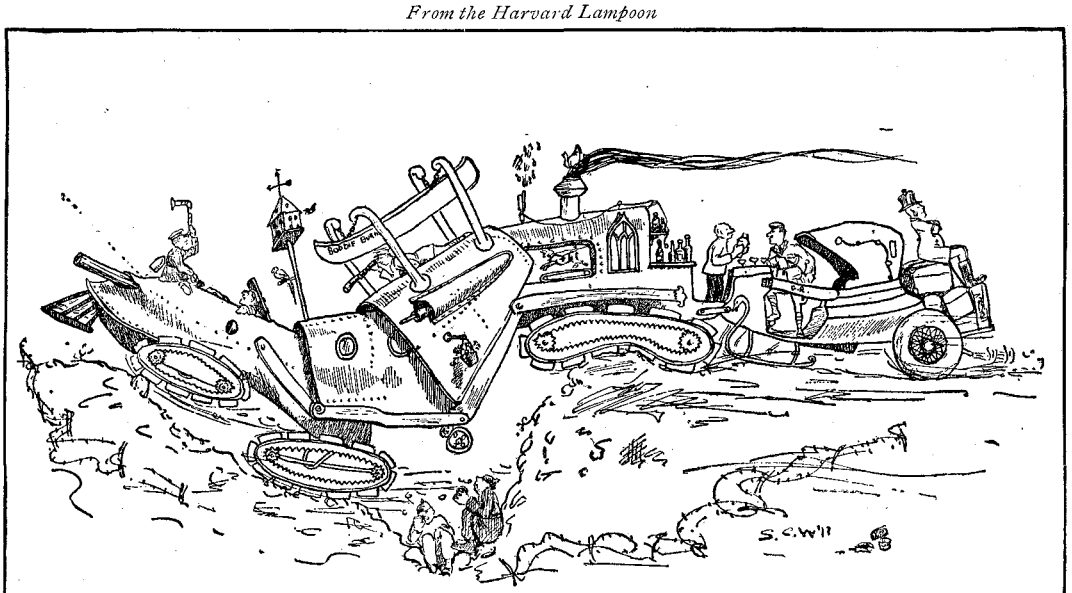
RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE

Carter in the New York Evening Sun

U. S.: "Don't bring the beast too close, Admiral!"

THE U-53'S EXPLOIT

From the Harvard Lampoon



Here is the terrible British tank
That caught the Boches on the flank.

The Germans better hurry up.
Will some one please page Mr. Krupp?

THE "TANKS" THAT ARE RIPPING UP THE GERMAN TRENCHES

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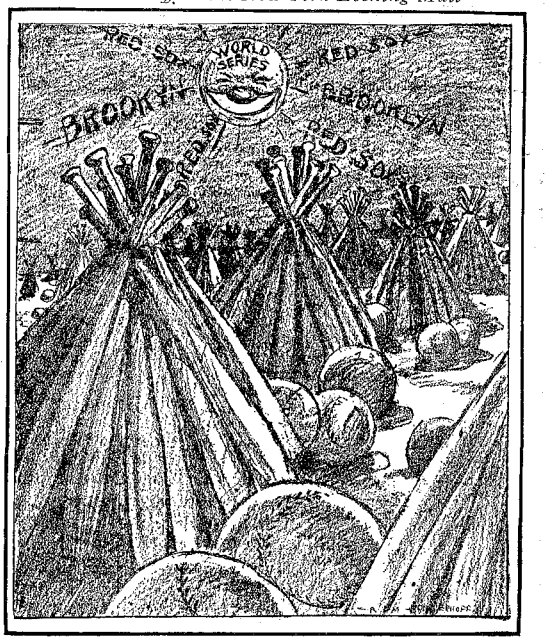
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Westerman in the Ohio State Journal

Brinkerhoff in the New York Evening Mail



"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN AND THE FODDER'S IN THE SHOCK"

Two cartoonists present above striking cartoons with the same basic idea and the same caption, but with different applications

From Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)

The Naturalist in the Ranks: "A rare specimen! And the ugly Boches have broken one of its legs!"

THE RULING PASSION

From the Bystander (London)

Captain Mills-Bomme's temperature cracks the thermometer on seeing his recent daring exploits described as "On our right there is nothing to report"

(He and his battalion had merely occupied three lines of German trenches, and held them through a storm of heavy Lyddite for forty-eight hours)

NOT 'MENTIONED IN THE DESPATCHES"

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police, aided by volunteers from private life temporarily made part of the police force, properly put down all overt mob demonstrations and guarded the property threatened. Four or five citizens were killed, two of whom were non-participants, one a woman. For several days Bayonne was almost in a state of siege, trains rushed through without stopping, motor boats patrolled the shore; guards vigilantly watched the immense oil-tanks; searchlights swept the streets; the police wrecked the saloons which disobeyed the order to close; the fear of death and destruction was general. That the police did not distinguish accurately between the industrial dispute (which was not their concern) and the danger of disorder and lawlessness (which most emphatically was their business) is indicated by a remark of Mr. Henry Wilson, Director of Public Safety, "I've got this strike broken, and we mean to keep it broken."

The men on strike insist that their pay is inadequate in relation to the cost of living and the arduousness of their labor. "We told Superintendent Hennessy," said a member of the strike committee, "that all men getting below $3 had to have an advance of thirty per cent, and all above $3 twenty per cent. We told him we wanted places to wash and to hang our clothes, and that we didn't want the foremen to kick us around.' The employers refuse to grant the demands they say that all men are paid on an eight-hour basis, with the additional provision of time and a half pay for overtime, that the demands as to working conditions are unfounded, and that the scale of wages for an eight-hour day range from $2.20 for common labor to over $5 for skilled labor.

Why should a town be terrorized, a class war fought, laws broken, innocent people killed or hurt, before a simple industrial question can be settled? Ignorant and insubordinate workers, on the one hand; employers who will not do justice until they are forced to, on the other—has civilization no better method to offer them for settling their differences but to let them fight it out until the community rises in protest?

THE NEW YORK MILK STRIKE

The Outlook has already reported at some length the important strike of the milk farmers of New York State and the efforts of New York farmers to secure an increased price for their product through the State Commissioner of the Department of Foods and Markets, Mr John J. Dillon. Since the last issue of The Outlook was published the victory of the farmers has been made practically complete by the capitulation of the large distributing agencies which have controlled more than half of the milk that enters New York City

To The Outlook the significance of this victory for Eastern farmers seems much greater than can be judged purely by the material advantage secured. It is perhaps the most encouraging co-operative effort which Eastern farmers have made within our memory

For instance, during the past forty years four organizations of dairy farmers supplying New York City have attempted to pool their common interests in pursuit of the common aim of reasonable pay for their labor. The first three of these failed, either because of defective organization or because the farmers did not hang together at the crucial time.

If the farmers can work together as they have in this last dairyman's strike, there is an increased reason to believe that they can learn to work together to cut down the cost of their business both in the processes of production and of distribution. The American farmer has been the last of the elements in our Nation to learn the necessity of subordinating individual interest to social organization.

Hence, despite the immense advantages of rich lands and labor-saving machinery, the cost of producing food and other products of the soil has not been reduced as has the cost of manufacture. The solution of the problem of economical production and economical distribution of agricultural products is one of the most pressing domestic problems that confront the country to-day

THE EIGHT-HOUR BOARD

In compliance with the Adamson Eight-Hour Law, which provides not only that eight hours shall form the basis for the payment of men who operate trains on inter-State railways, but also that there shall be a Commission charged with the duty of observing the operation and effects of the law, the President has appointed the members of the so-called Eight-Hour Board. These consist of General Goethals, who has been the distinguished Governor of the Panama Canal Zone; Mr. E. E. Clark, formerly a railway conductor, who is an honored member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; and Mr. George Rublee, who has been

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an efficient member of the Federal Trade Commission.

These men are virtually charged with the duty of considering the whole question of labor on inter-State railways, including questions of wages, conditions of labor and hours of labor, and consequent questions as to rates to be charged in order to meet the cost of labor, and also methods of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between railway managers and railway men.

The criticism has been made that on this Board there is no man representing the railway managers, no man with expert knowledge of the complicated business of directing and operating railways. This is, in a measure, true. Nevertheless, we do not believe that the railway managers and owners will find this Board either deaf to the statement of their point of view or incapable of understanding it. General Goethals is, of course, familiar with large executive responsibilities and has even had some experience in the operation of a railway on a comparatively small scale—namely, the Panama Railway; and Mr. Clark, though not active in the management of railways, has become familiar with many of the problems of railway management through his long experience as a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

THE EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONVENTION

On October 11 the forty-fourth triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church opened its sessions at St. Louis. The Convention sits as two houses—the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies. Each has a veto upon the other.

The primary object of the Convention is to make laws for the Protestant Episcopal Church. Such legislation takes the form of canons, operative at once, and amendments of the Constitution, which require confirmation by later conventions.

To the Convention come all the bishops of the Church to sit in the upper house and some six hundred clerical and lay deputies to sit in the lower house. Each of the sixty-eight dioceses elects four clerical and four lay deputies; the twenty-three missionary districts, one lay and one clerical deputy; and the ten foreign jurisdictions have each a deputy.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Mann was re-elected as President of the House of Deputies. Three years ago Dr. Mann won this place by only a very narrow majority over the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, of Trinity Church, New York City. Dr. Manning is, however, not in the present Convention at all. This may seem strange, for throughout generations it has been the custom for the diocese of New York to send the rector of Trinity Parish, New York City, as one of its clerical deputies. Just before last November's meeting of the New York Diocesan Convention, however, the controversy arose in the official Board of Missions as to whether it should or should not send delegates to the Panama Congress. In this Board, of which he was a member, the rector of Trinity had led the opposition. He was against the Panama Conference. But the Board overruled him and others. The fight was fresh in mind when the New York Diocesan Convention met, and in the voting for deputies to St. Louis the Rev. Dr. Manning was defeated. Very many opposed to him ecclesiastically regret that this year's Convention must be deprived of the genuine stimulus of his presence. But the spirit of Dr. Mann's address emphatically indicated that it was time to forget differences and join in a common work. After referring to the "gray shadow" of the world war "chiefly between Christian nations," he said:

> Mistakes in policy can be borne and remedied, but it is my feeling that the one mistake which could not be rectified, the one corporate sin not to be forgiven, would be for a council of the Christian Church to meet at this time in any other temper than the temper of Christian brotherhood and Christian peace.

Dr. Mann's election to the presidency of the House of Deputies was coincident with the election of Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, to the chairmanship of the House of Bishops—the first time that a Southern bishop has been chosen for this office.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS AND THE CHURCH

Questions concerning modern social conditions were prominent in the early discussions of the Convention. One of these was the problem of poverty.

The Rev. Howard Melish, of Brooklyn, for instance, declared, as reported:

> One-third, and possibly one-half, of the families of wage-earners earn, in the course of the

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year, less than enough to support them in anything like comfort. Only one-fourth of the fathers are able to support their families on the bare sustenance level without income from outside sources. Consequently their families are compelled to take in boarders or crowd in tenements. Multitudes came to this country as to the land flowing with milk and honey. But the milk is skimmed and others have run off with the honey.

Others besides Mr. Melish blamed the clergy for seeming indifference to such conditions.

The other great social question before the Convention was the recurrent one of divorce. Shall the Protestant Episcopal Church sanction the remarriage of the divorced? It has been its custom to permit the clergy to solemnize the remarriage of the so-called innocent party to a divorce provided that satisfactory legal evidence is presented. But a committee now reports a radical change and proposes a canon which declares that "no marriage shall be solemnized . . . between parties if either of whom has husband or wife still living, who has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage. Those who support this canon contend that in the first three centuries of the Christian Church no provision whatever was made for divorce, that the custom of the Roman Catholic Church does not sanction divorce, and that, especially in recent years, instances of collusion in the obtaining of divorces have been so numerous that the innocent should suffer in isolated cases rather than that a gigantic evil should spread over the Nation. On the other hand, the opponents quote Christ's words in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew in which he sanctioned divorce for violation of the sanctity of the marriage tie; they declare that the proposed new attitude towards divorce will not mitigate the evil, but will simply lessen the Church's authority and usefulness. Though no decision has yet been made, a test vote showed that the members of the House of Deputies were divided almost exactly half and half with regard to this matter.

FRANCIS BROWN

After eight years of service as President of Union Theological Seminary, Francis Brown, one of the foremost scholars in the United States, died last week in his sixty-seventh year.

Theology is not identical with religion, and the theologian is not necessarily a man of religious influence. Dr. Brown, as all who have studied under him will testify, was a man who was religious first and theological afterward. His religion did not show itself in emotionalism; it showed itself instead in character. Restraint, without austerity, was distinctive of his demeanor in class-room and with associates. There have been other teachers who have been more temperamentally inclined to inspire enthusiasm; but there has been none, we venture to say, who was more fitted to inspire confidence.

Such a man was peculiarly well suited to the position that Dr. Brown held as head of Union Theological Seminary during these years. Eight years ago the Seminary had passed through a period of contention that was disturbing, not only to free scholarship and real learning, but also even to a decent spirit of co-operation and tolerance in the churches, and particularly the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Brown was identified with the cause of free scholarship, unhampered by theological dogma or ecclesiastical autocracy; and yet there has been no man more disinclined to assert against conservative dogmatism the dogmatism of the radical or to meet ecclesiastical autocracy by the arbitrary action of the mere rebel. On the contrary, his whole character and nature led him into ways of peace and understanding, though never away from what appeared to be the path of strict and stern duty. As a consequence, though he himself did not escape charges of heresy and was under fire as President of the Seminary, there was no atmosphere of theological war within the Seminary or among the churches. The earlier contentions, which involved Professor Briggs particularly, had to be fought out with vigor; but, the principle of liberty having been vindicated, it was fortunate that the conduct of the Seminary's affairs should fall into the hands of one who, though thoroughly devoted to the principle of freedom, had no taste for controversy.

A native of New Hampshire, a graduate of Andover Academy, Dartmouth College, and Union Theological Seminary, and a student for two years at Berlin, Francis Brown brought to his life-work the conscience and character that Americans like to associate with New England and the scholastic standards that have been wrought out in the Old World, and particularly those standards of accuracy and thoroughness that have become associated with the German university. Dr. Brown had the scholar's dislike for pub-

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licity. He was interested in the work that he did rather than in the reputation that might be secured by his work. As a master of Hebrew and of Assyriology he was not likely to gain popular repute, for adepts in those subjects are not in the way to come into public view; but among those who value learning Dr. Brown was known widely. And he was respected not more for his scholastic acquirements than for his habit of mind in regarding both theology and scholarship as servants of religion.

THE ORPHANS OF FRENCH SOLDIERS

During the past week or so a group of men of National prominence have organized an immense society for the relief of French war orphans. While the endeavor will be directed from this country, there will be a Paris committee working to some extent in co-operation with already existing organizations. The aim of the new society is nothing less than to raise a fund of $130,000,000, and already the organizers have themselves subscribed over $125,000. Furthermore, they have pledged themselves to provide the expenses of operation as long as may be necessary during the fifteen years for which the society has been incorporated. The name of the new organization is to be the American Society for the Relief of French War Orphans, and its offices at present are at 44 Wall Street, New York City.

All the energy that can be directed in any form towards the relief of French war orphans should be so directed. It is believed that already there are at least two hundred thousand children in France in need of help.

Most people have heard of the benefit the French soldiers in the trenches have received who have had American *marraines*—godmothers, or friends, generally unknown friends, who have sent them letters and little gifts. Some time ago it occurred to Miss Gladys Hollingsworth that such a godmother plan for children would be a good idea. She therefore formed a "Baby Relief Fund" in connection with her society called the American Girls' Aid. Any American, either man or woman, wishing to become a godparent to a French child may do so through the American Girls' Aid by applying for a subscription blank and sending a monthly payment of six dollars. This amount may be remitted each month, each three months, each six months, or yearly. One of the outlets of activity is through the French Orphans' Committee at Yvetot, of which the head is Madame Piettre, wife of the *sous-préfet* there. This Committee cares for nearly three thousand orphans and helpless children located in that region. The Committee has the approval of the American Relief Clearing-House in Paris, and the co-operation of the French and Belgian Governments, the first of which controls its accounting. All contributions are acknowledged primarily by the Clearing-House, and subsequently by the recipient.

While at present the American Girls' Aid is making every effort to secure such help for French orphans, it is interesting to note that the society, organized in the autumn of 1914 by Miss Hollingsworth and her sisters, is engaged in the general work of collecting clothes for the victims of the European war in France, and distributes them through the War Relief Clearing-House for France and Her Allies. Coming from their home in France, where they had lived many years, and where they had recently been engaged as nurses in the hospitals and in the care of refugees sent to Houlgate, their summer home in Normandy, the Misses Hollingsworth decided that the collection of clothing for the refugees was one of the works most needed. Their shipments were the first to be sent to the American Relief Clearing-House in Paris, and all of their collections and funds, without cost of transportation, go to that Clearing-House, an organization in co-operation with the French Government. The shipments of the American Girls' Aid to France up to October exceeded 5,600 cases, containing nearly 1,130,000 articles. The office and shop of the American Girls' Aid is at 293 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WOMEN AND ELECTRICITY

Every night last week a brilliant searchlight made giant gestures over New York City. It originated at the Grand Central Palace and marked the Electrical Exhibition—a vivid demonstration of recent progress in electricity.

Anything electrical interests many men. But this particular exhibition seemed to interest women even more. One found, as one might expect, exhibits of the massive machinery which lights cities and moves railway engines. But this machinery, in its immense and complicated detail, was mostly backed up against the sides of the great building.

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A large part of the remaining space was taken up by exhibits of very much smaller household utensils. These proved to be of fascinating interest to increasing crowds of women. Let us take one as an example—a washer. There was always a group of women standing about the various washer exhibits. Many of them knew the back-breaking labor of wash-day. Others were doubtless able to bear the expense of a washerwoman or of sending the wash to be laundered outside. But all of them looked as if they wished that it might be done in an easier and more economical way. And here was the solution—the solution in several forms, for competition was keen among the washer-makers at the Grand Central Palace show. All that needs to be done is to put the clothes in the rotary perforated cylinder, filled with water and soap, and turn on the electricity. The cylinder revolves rapidly, first in one direction and then in the other. The suds come surging through the clothes and around them. In about twenty minutes the clothes are washed. They are rinsed in fresh water, passed through the wringer (which is also run by electricity) into bluing water in an adjoining tub, then the wringer is reversed, the clothes passed through, and they are ready for the clothes-line. The women standing by were comparing this process with the old scrubbing-board, which ruined their laces and handkerchiefs.

If Monday is wash-day, Tuesday is ironing-day. The housewife passes to the next booth and contemplates the electric iron, which can do more and better work in less time than can the old-fashioned flatiron—better work indeed, for the electric iron distributes the heat evenly over the ironing surface, thus eliminating "hot spots," and consequently scorched clothes.

Wednesday is baking-day, and the housewife is now lost in pleasant thought as she gazes on disc stoves and electric ranges. The disc stove is a four or six inch affair for light cooking in the home or hospital.

In connection with such use there are so-called "hot plates"—really electric stoves on a small scale, the use of which is evident.

The use of the toaster stove is also evident, but what is not so well known is that it not only makes and uniformly browns the toast, but turns it over too. Put on an aluminum top and you can fry an egg or make a griddle-cake.

Electric heat may be used also for the coffee percolator. With the toaster and the percolator a whole breakfast may be made, and the average cost of electricity for it would be, the manufacturers claim, about two cents.

To the housekeeper tired of dust and soot the electric range is inviting; but electric heat is not cheap, and housekeeping bills are unfortunately a part of housekeeping. Where water power is used for producing the electric current, however, even electric heating may not be regarded as a luxury. Electric power, on the other hand, ought to become more and more common in the household; and it is a real labor-saver, as many a housewife can testify who uses suction cleaners.

Enough has been said to indicate that electric household appliances are cleaner, more convenient, and safer than the old-fashioned appliances. The new inventions greatly increase household efficiency.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN ART

Photography of late years has fairly passed beyond the stage of commercialism into which it fell during the latter part of the nineteenth century, and has become a medium which in the hands of persons of æsthetic feeling has risen into the domain of art. If any one feels inclined to doubt this assertion, he should visit an exhibition of photography now on view in New York City, at the National Arts Club in East Nineteenth Street, under the auspices of the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

The exhibition presents the latest products of many American amateur and professional workers with the camera. The delicacy and charm of most of the prints are undeniable, and the exhibit is a broadly representative one which gives a fair idea of the trend of photography in America. These contemporary prints are matched in interest by the historical features of the exhibition, which enable one to see at a glance the evolution of photography from the days of Daguerre to the latest developments in color photography and in the popular "soft focus" work.

There are, for instance, original prints of photographs by famous early workers, such as D. O. Hill, of Scotland, and Mrs. Cameron, of England, and some extremely interesting pictures of Civil War time, including portraits of President Lincoln; side by side with these are examples of the newer photographic processes, such as hand-coated platinum, gum-platinum, oil, bromoil, oil transfer, and

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color work both in the now familiar autochromes (transparencies on glass) and the prints on paper produced by the Hess-Ives method and other processes.

The increasing attention which photography as an art is receiving, as evidenced in this exhibition, and also in courses of instruction in schools and universities, promises a greater participation on the part of the next generation in creative art work—for if a boy or a girl can learn to see and make pictures through this inexpensive medium, the way is opened to many other forms of artistic expression and appreciation.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts, whose objects are "to stimulate and encourage artists engaged in the graphic arts, to form a center for the exchange of views of all interested in these arts, and to stimulate the public taste by exhibitions, lectures, and other means for promoting the higher education in these arts," has performed a public service by planning and holding this exhibition.

THE MAN WHO NEVER SAW A SNAKE DANCE

The snake dance is such an inevitable part of the college football season that we had imagined that college men who had never seen this form of exultation might be numbered as easily as living dodos.

According to a confession recently published in the New York "Herald," the last man to whom it would have occurred to us to suggest that the snake dance would be an interesting novelty never has seen one in the course of his brief but interesting career. He writes:

> There is one thing I should like to see that I haven't yet been able to lay my eyes on. That is the snake dancing of the students and graduates on the gridiron right after a game. I have read of the strange way of celebrating in the newspapers, and I have seen pictures of the men zigzagging all over the gridiron.

The man who wrote this was Edward W. Mahan, the captain of last year's Harvard football team, and one of the best football players of recent years. To those who are concerned over the brutality of football the reason why Mr. Mahan has never seen a snake dance may prove an interesting one.

> The players have to be cautious after a big game—if their team has won. A mob of wild enthusiasts could do more injury to a football player than his opponents in the game itself, the coaches sometimes tell the players. It is always the safe policy for the football men to give their cheer for the opponents as soon as the final whistle blows, and then run for the safety of the locker building before the graduates and students can jump over the fence and land upon the field. Once a player is caught by a wild mob, he is likely to undergo all sorts of torture in the hands of a crowd that seeks to do him honor. It's a queer way of showing it, for instance, to take a man on the shoulders of half a dozen enthusiasts and bounce him around the field, but you never can figure what otherwise sane men will do when they start to let off steam directly after a big football victory.

Clothes may not make the man, but apparently they have something to do with making the football hero; for Mr. Mahan writes that civilian clothes have a curiously sedative effect upon football rooters:

> After the winning players have made the dressing-rooms and have changed their football uniforms for regulation citizen's dress, they are practically out of danger. Regular clothes have a psychological effect on the enthusiasts for some reason or other, for they will not wax so enthusiastic over their hero in plain dress as they would if he were in his gridiron suit and covered with turf and mud.

What Mr. Mahan has to say about the effect of the cheering hordes upon the feelings of the players should make interesting and instructive reading for those authors of college stories who still insist on deciding important games by the influence of a pink parasol strategically placed to catch the wandering eye of some knight-errant of a halfback.

PITTSBURGH SOLVING ITS SMOKE PROBLEM

Pittsburgh has set aside the last seven days of October as "Smoke Abatement Week." It is not that the city proposes to initiate a new crusade, but it wants to take note of the really substantial progress that has already been made in solving its vexatious smoke problem. There is a very keen desire on the part of Pittsburghers to substitute the "Smokeless City" for the old nickname that still sticks to it like glue. So effective have been the systematic steps taken by the city to suppress its smoke nuisance that other cities have been asking how it was done.

Four years ago Pittsburgh awoke to the fact that the black outpourings of its factories and railway terminals were more than a favorite target for joke-makers. This realization came

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about when the Mellen Institute in the University of Pittsburgh estimated that the smoke evil had already cost the city $10,000,000 and that regulation of it would represent an annual saving of at least $2,500,000, to say nothing of removing the harmful results to the health of the people and the reputation of the city.

Civic spirit was aroused. It required no argument to prove the point. The business district as viewed from Mount Washington was generally hidden in a haze of smoke, and the United States Weather Bureau reported "dense smoke" for sixty days each year. Under the spur of public opinion, the city officials set out to bring about some abatement of the evil, although opposition came from those who believed that smoke was an indicator of industry and prosperity! The energetic city Chamber of Commerce lent its active support to the crusade.

Finally, the city established a Bureau of Smoke Regulation in its Department of Health, and secured as an advisory board prominent engineers, some of them affiliated with the University. A smoke-reduction expert was secured as chief of the new Bureau, and the campaign started. The city press also started an aggressive campaign of publicity, and Bureau inspectors went to work, backed by a smoke-abatement ordinance carefully devised to meet the situation and containing fines for violations.

The Bureau chief was greeted with many offers of co-operation from the operating officials of the railways and the heads of the big industrial plants. Up to a late date last year more than seventy-five hundred inspections had been made, and practically all of the big factories installed stokers and other smoke-regulating devices recommended by the Bureau experts. The railways devoted much of their attention to the control of smoke emitted by locomotives. In many of these instances the smoke abatement actually brought about an economy in operation, particularly in some of the big steel plants and factories. A noticeable saving in coal was reported by many concerns.

The city Smoke Regulation Bureau has confined itself to a policy of publicity and co-operation rather than one of using the power to enforce its findings which the city has granted to it. Perhaps the most significant result of its campaign is the discovery that smoke does not always indicate great industry. Taking the United States weather records during the past four years, in periods of six months, the contrary is apparent. For instance, during 1912 there was but little business in steel manufacturing, yet the Weather Bureau reported twenty-nine days of dense smoke and sixty-four days of "light smoke." During 1916, for the same period, there were only nine days of dense smoke and forty-nine of light smoke. That is in spite of the fact that without question three times as much coal was used this year as in 1912 during the period specified.

By its investigations the Bureau has proved that smoke can be abated and kept within the laws, no matter what kind of a stack or furnace is used, and that invariably there is advantage in making such improvements. No type of heating furnace or air furnace or annealing furnace has been found that cannot be properly rearranged, with the stack at least within the requirements of the smoke ordinance.

The abatement of smoke in Pittsburgh is particularly noticeable to the traveler. It is claimed that it has been reduced at least seventy-five per cent in a period of greatly increased activity. There have been, of course, some recalcitrant concerns beyond appeal of civic spirit, and Pittsburgh's "Smoke Abatement Week" may also bring a new policy in which the "big stick" will be used. Bureau Chief Henderson, who has been perhaps the most active figure in the crusade, has lost his patience in some instances, and he may institute suits in the near future to compel compliance with the rulings of his Bureau.

THE CASE AGAINST THE MILITIA SYSTEM

The folly of maintaining a military establishment under divided control is becoming more apparent to the people of the United States every day, and, from what we learn from those who have returned from service on the border, the vast majority of militiamen themselves are going to prove very efficient missionaries of the plan actually to place our military establishment absolutely under the Federal Government. The folly of divided responsibility is not shown simply when we consider the militia as a purely military organization; the administrative side of dual control also presents almost unbelievable absurdities. A single instance of the folly of our present system may be

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cited from a letter which comes to us from Captain A. W. W. Woodcock, Commanding Company I, of the First Maryland Infantry. Captain Woodcock writes in part:

Before the President's call the United States had invoiced to Maryland—and to other States—the major part of the equipment used by its militia. The State owned outright other equipment. But all equipment used by a company was receipted for to the State by that company's commanding officer. When we were mustered into the service of the United States, a part of this property was invoiced back by the State through the company commander to the United States, another part remains the property of the State in the hands of the company commander, and the status of the remainder—originally the property of the United States, which the invoicing officer in the hurry of mobilization missed—remains undetermined. Thus some of the clothing worn by many officers belongs to Maryland, some of the bayonets used by my men belong to the United States, and the status of the remaining bayonets remains undecided.

Again, in the State system the men did not own their uniforms. In the regular service the soldiers do own them, buying them from a clothing allowance. The uniforms in the custody of the State which were invoiced back to the United States, not being new, could not justly be charged to the men at the regulation prices. An order was issued to give the uniforms to them. The men, however, who have enlisted since the President's call must buy their uniforms, and are thus, to the extent of the value of the uniforms given the older men, paid less than the older men.

Captain Woodcock prophesies that fresh difficulties will arise when the Government attempts to put back the militia under the sheltering wings of the several States.

When we are mustered out of the Federal service, all the property must be invoiced by the United States back to the State, and by the State to the company commander. But, as the men now own their uniforms, the State will emerge from the transaction without clothing. It would be fortunate for the country could it emerge also without any military property or control of any kind whatsoever of the Guard.

We heartily agree with Captain Woodcock in his wish that the States might emerge from the present mobilization without any military property or any control over the military arm of our Government. Under the system of Federal control, plus universal service, the men who have devoted so much time to the welfare of the Guard would have an opportunity to make their personal sacrifices for the good of the country count heavily in the scale of National defense.

THE DYESTUFF SITUATION

One of the pressing concerns of our new Tariff Commission should be the exhaustive study of the tariff on dyestuffs.

During the last year even the general public has come to know of (though hardly able to talk of) the effect of certain unpronounceable chemicals upon the dye industry and the making of explosives. Also the general public has learned through the fading of ribbons and the scarcity of certain wall-papers, as well as from the lamentations of munition-makers, that the country is woefully lacking in the physical facilities for making coal tar dyes and in experts trained in their manufacture.

The President of the American Chemical Society, an organization with more than eight thousand members, and which is the National forum of American chemists, recently described in an address before his society the efforts that were made by both the consumers and the producers of dyestuffs during the last session of Congress to secure adequate tariff protection for this American industry. It is President Herty's belief that the present law is practically nullified by the objectionable exception of certain classes of dyestuffs from the full protective force of the Act as finally passed.

The Dyestuffs Conference of the American Chemical Society, held recently in New York, also condemned, without a single dissenting vote, the exception of the dyestuffs to which we have referred, and declared that "this exception undermines the very foundation upon which it was hoped that the American dyestuff industry might be built." According to the resolution adopted by this Conference, it will be impossible, if this exception is permitted to stand, for the American manufacturers to meet the requirements of the present Tariff Law, which provide that unless sixty per cent in value of the domestic consumption of dyestuffs is being manufactured or produced within the United States at the expiration of five years the special duties on dyestuffs shall no longer be assessed or collected. We are convinced that the Dyestuffs Conference of the American Chemical Society was right in saying that the removal of certain specific dyestuffs from the provisions of the Tariff Law is "subservient to the best interests of the American people."

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EDUCATION IN ASIATIC TURKEY

"Much of our work has been carried on to the accompaniment of the boom of heavy guns on our sea-front, the hum of aircraft overhead, and the bursting of their destructive shells within a quarter of a mile of our campus. Indeed, the campus has been strewn from time to time with shrapnel fired from artillery on a neighboring height at the enemy aircraft during their attack on the aeroplane base near by or on passing military trains, while the windows of our homes have been shattered by the bursting of heavy shells within less than three hundred yards of where I am writing. . . . Military tents now extend along the southern wall of our campus, and some of them are within a few feet of our auditorium, and yet, in spite of these multiplied distractions, we report a year of successful achievement."

So writes Dr. Alexander MacLachlan, President of the International College in Smyrna, Asiatic Turkey. With this year Dr MacLachlan is completing a quarter of a century's connection with the College. It is one of the most promising of the educational institutions established by Americans, and occupies a fine plant on the heights just outside of Smyrna, with a group of new buildings, into which it was moved from the city less than two years ago. The College lives up to its name "International," for among its 215 students may be found Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Jews, Arabs, Albanians, Austrians, Americans, English, Dutch, and Poles.

The war has brought great complications into educational life throughout Turkey, owing to the facts that some of the students have been taken for military service and that there has been a shortage of food supplies, together with an increased cost of living—fivefold in some instances. Hence the receipts from the students at Smyrna were only a third as large as last year. The College Young Men's Christian Association and the College Faculty have carried on relief work among the poor and sick of the city, who have been thronging the College campus daily, the relief generally taking the form of horse beans, Indian corn, and olive oil.

Turning to another very important port in Asiatic Turkey, namely Beirût, we have a similarly cheering account. The Syrian Protestant College there is increasingly efficient under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Howard S. Bliss. He writes to The Outlook that, despite the strain and stress of war, the enrollment of students during the past scholastic year has been no less than 769, and at the close of the year there were graduated twenty-four doctors, six dentists, three pharmacists and one doctor of pharmacy, four trained nurses, three masters of arts, sixteen bachelors of arts, and seven bachelors of commerce. The Syrian Protestant College has now completed a half-century of existence. It is a monument to American Christianity and civilization. Since it was opened 439 students have taken the B.A. degree, 527 the M.D. degree, 249 have become pharmacists, 120 bachelors of commerce, 34 trained nurses, 12 dentists, and 1,382 have received the Preparatory Department Certificate.

MOTION PICTURES AND MUSEUMS

The first use of motion pictures was to provide amusement. The second has been to provide education.

The amusement films are necessarily ephemeral. The educational films are good for all time.

During the past year the educational possibilities of motion photography have been specially well indicated at the Toledo Museum of Art. Writing to The Outlook about them, the efficient director of the Museum, Mr. George W. Stevens, mentions, first of all, a series of lectures on pottery last winter. Crowds of children, and some grown-ups too, came to these lectures, which were illustrated by two reels. One film, entitled "The Potters of the Nile," showed the Egyptian potter at work; in fact, so many different localities along the Nile were shown that a vivid impression of general life in Egypt was given. The other film illustrated the life of Bernard Palissy, the sixteenth-century potter. The question very likely arises: How could motion pictures tell about the activities of people who lived long ago? The answer is that both the Egyptian and the Palissy scenes were enacted by present-day actors.

The flower show at the Museum, visited by thousands of adults and children, was given in connection with conferences and talks about the growth of plants from the first shoot to the full flower, and these talks were illustrated by films, not only ordinary motion pictures, but those in full color. For instance, the gardener was shown preparing the soil, later planting seeds or setting out small plants. Other sections of the film, taken at intervals of several weeks, showed the flowering plants and their preparation for market.

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Still other films covered the flower markets of European cities, the tulip beds of Holland, etc. Finally, certain films showed the activities of special plants, the action of the sensitive plant, the insect-eating plant, and others.

In this way travel, science, nature studies, craftsmanship, art, archæology, and various industries were treated. In connection with the treatment of industries special evenings were arranged for department store employees. Those who handled linen found films to illustrate their industry; those who handled rugs found the rug and its pattern growing before their eyes on the screen; for those who handled silks there was a film beginning with the cocoon, and showing every step in the manufacture of the fabric.

All activities, including motion pictures, at the Toledo Museum of Art are free, and the direct educational influence of the films shown there is hardly estimable. Mr. Stevens informs us that "it would be difficult to say just what kind of films most interested the children, for they seem to be pleased with everything." He adds: "We occasionally introduce a cartoon motion film, but I really think they enjoy the educational films quite as well."

The cost of installing the motion picture outfit amounted to about $300, and the cost of the year's film service was about $350. Was not this a good investment?

ANTI-SALOON FIGURES

In Pennsylvania, a "wet" State, with about seven and a half million population, there are confined in asylums for the insane over fifteen thousand persons. In New York, another "wet" State, with about nine million inhabitants, over thirty-one thousand persons are confined in asylums. In the nine "dry" States—Georgia, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Tennessee, and West Virginia—with a combined population of about fourteen and a half millions, there are only 17,466 insane people.

These and other figures were recently made public by the Anti-Saloon League of Pennsylvania, which claims that the figures prove that the liquor traffic in Pennsylvania is responsible for a large percentage of insanity and poverty in that State. It is to be noted, however, that New York and Pennsylvania have large urban populations, while the nine "dry" States probably have a much larger proportion of country dwellers. Whether or not these figures actually prove what is claimed, other figures from the same compilation—by Mr. E. H. Cherrington, editor of the "Anti-Saloon Year Book"—are fully as striking.

Mr. Cherrington has divided the States into four groups: the nine "dry" States; the "near-prohibition" States, in each of which more than fifty per cent of the population was under prohibition prior to 1915; the "partially licensed" States, where more than twenty-five but less than fifty per cent of the population were under prohibition; and the "license" States, where less than twenty-five per cent of the people were under prohibition. Since Mr. Cherrington's tables were compiled several States have been added to the "dry" column.

Figured on the basis of population, the number of insane people per 100,000 was as follows: in the dry States, 118.9; in the near-prohibition States, 150; in the partly licensed States, 234; in the wet States, 275.3. The figures alluded to above for Pennsylvania give that State 196.4 per 100,000, while New York has 343.2 per 100,000 population.

Turning to pauperism, Mr. Cherrington finds (all his figures are based on authoritative Government reports) that the number of people in almshouses per 100,000 of population is as follows: in the dry States, 46.5; in the near-prohibition States, 54.4; in the partly licensed States, 123.1; in the wet States, 127. Pennsylvania has 125.3 paupers and New York 132 per 100,000.

The percentage of children of school age enrolled as pupils is 75.6 in the dry States, 69.1 in the near-prohibition States, 72.2 in the partly licensed States, and 68.8 in the wet States. The percentage of children between the ages of fifteen and twenty enrolled in school is as follows: in the dry States, 38.4 per cent; near-prohibition States, 35.5; partly licensed States, 32; licensed States, 26.6 per cent.

With regard to property-holding, Mr. Cherrington's report shows the number of homes owned in the various States and the percentage that are owned free and clear. In the dry States the average of free homes is 73.6; in the near-prohibition States, 71.4; in the partly licensed States, 62; in the wet States, 57.9.

Perhaps the almost exact correspondence of these various sets of figures "proves" nothing. But at least it puts the burden of proof on alcohol.

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POLITE INTEREST AND SPEAKING OUT

On another page Mr. H. J. Haskell, of the Kansas City "Star," gives a clear, calm, and significant interpretation of the feeling of the Middle West regarding the German submarine warfare policy. He says that the Middle West takes a "polite interest" in it. We are sorry. The ancestors of many of the inhabitants of the Middle West did not take a "polite interest" in the American Revolution. The inhabitants of the Middle West themselves took a very much more than "polite interest" in the Civil War.

The German submarine policy and the attitude of the United States toward that policy involve the very fabric of the law of nations. How non-combatants—men, women, and children—shall be treated in time of war is an issue of supreme importance to civilization, and therefore of supreme importance to the Middle West.

This supreme issue has often been presented to this country, but in no such dramatic form as that which it assumed when the Lusitania was torpedoed and scores of Americans and hundreds of other non-combatants, including women and children, were sent by a German submarine to their graves in the sea.

The Lusitania has thus become a symbol of what the Declaration of Independence calls the inalienable rights of mankind. What one thinks about the destruction of the Lusitania is a test of what one thinks about the rights of man. The friends of Mr. Hughes have hoped that he would meet this test, and his opponents have accused him of avoiding it. He has justified the hopes of his friends and answered the criticism of his opponents by speaking out boldly when this test was recently put to him. It was a dramatic incident. Mr. Hughes was speaking in Louisville, Kentucky, on the evening of October 12. A questioner in the balcony of the hall applied the test. We quote verbatim the account of the event as given by the New York "Times:"

A Voice. "Justice Hughes, just a moment. Please permit a respectful interruption. What would you have done—?" (Cries of "Put him out!")

"Please permit the question to be asked," said Mr. Hughes. "I do not want any one shut off from a courteous question. Go on, sir. Please ask your questions." (Cries of "Go on, you boob!")

A Voice. "I ask, I trust respectfully—" (Cries of "Put him out!")

"Please let the question be asked!" shouted Mr. Hughes. "I desire this question to be asked. Please ask it."

A Voice. "I ask you, with all the respect that I know, what you would have done when the Lusitania was sunk. See if you can answer this."

"I will answer this now! Permit me to answer it! Permit me to answer it!" shouted Mr. Hughes. "Sir, I would have had the State Department at the very beginning of the Administration so equipped as to command the respect of the world; second—kindly wait until I get through and do not interrupt with applause until I have answered the gentleman's question.

"I have said that I would have had the State Department equipped so as to command the respect of the world at the outset of the Administration; and, next, I would have so conducted affairs in Mexico as to show that our words meant peace and good will, the protection, at all events, of the lives and property of American citizens; and next—and next—when I said 'strict accountability' every nation would have known that that was meant; and, further, when notice was published with respect to the action [the action threatened] I would have made it known in terms unequivocal and unmistakable that we should not tolerate a continuance of friendly relations through the ordinary diplomatic channels if that action were taken—and the Lusitania would never have been sunk."

Our issue with Germany to-day is almost precisely like our issue with Great Britain in 1776: Shall the inalienable right of Americans to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness be championed and protected by all the powers of our Government? Mr. Hughes sees this issue. The Middle West will see it some day if it does not see it now. When that day comes, its "polite interest" will be transformed, if we know anything about the spirit of the West, into a grim and undaunted determination.

WHAT CAN I DO?

A distinguished surgeon said not long ago: "If there is an accident in the street when I am passing, I go at once and offer assistance. If I can do anything, I stay; if I cannot, I leave. If I can do anything, no amount of blood or mutilation has any effect on me. I seem not to see it if I am at work; but if I can do nothing, I cannot bear the sight of blood; it makes me ill." This is probably a not uncommon experience with sensitive people; it is certainly a significant experience.

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In great peril nothing gives such poise and steadiness as having something to do which must be done on the instant. Very few men go into action for the first time without nervous trepidation; but when the order comes that sends them into the thick of the fight, danger is forgotten. To be halted or to stand at rest under a heavy fire tests the nerves of veterans; but the signal to "move forward," even when it involves every chance of death, releases an immense and joyful energy. A man whose courage is known the world over said that he never had any sense of danger if he could do something.

If living were a purely intellectual process, the position of the onlooker who had nothing to do would be ideal. Detached from the turmoil and disturbance about him, he could study his age and his country with clear eyes and at leisure. This would be true if the eye were an organ complete in itself; if to see were simply to look. But nobody sees with his eyes alone; we see with our whole bodies, so to speak. Every use of the eye involves a mental process into which memory, judgment, experience, enter. The whole mind sees with the eyes.

Life is not an intellectual process; it is a vital process; no one can understand it who does not take part in it. Henry Ward Beecher once said that truth is not revealed to us to satisfy the intellect; it is given to us only so far as it is necessary to develop character. We know very little about the methods and ultimate designs of God in dealing with us, but we know enough to enable us to live upright, useful, and intelligent lives. The vital truths come to us as the result, not of thinking, but of living. Deeper truth is taught us by sorrow than by the reason; what we call the heart opens life to us far more deeply than does the mind. Words which assume the division of our natures into separate organs are necessary and convenient, but they are misleading if they give the impression that our natures are divisible and act through organs that are independent of one another. We are indivisible, and whatever we do involves mind and body, will, intellect, and heart. To understand life we must live; and we live, not in thought, emotion, and will only, but in action.

It is a deep instinct which makes every normal man and woman ask, "What can I do?" and that question is not left unanswered. There is always something to do if we are willing to do it and do not insist on doing something else. Many think there is nothing for them to do because they are more eager to choose their work than to do it; as if the main thing were the kind of work a man does rather than the spirit in which he does it and the character he gets out of doing it. There is a share in life for every one; there is work for every hand. If you think there is nothing worth while for you to do, read these words of Dean Stanley:

> Do something worth living for, worth dying for. Is there no want, no suffering, no sorrows, that you can relieve? Is there no act of tardy justice, no deed of cheerful kindness, no long-forgotten duty that you can perform? Is there no reconciliation of some ancient quarrel, no payment of some long-outstanding debt, no courtesy, or love, or honor, to be rendered to those to whom it has long been due; no charitable, humble, kind, useful deed by which you can promote the glory of God or good will among men, or peace upon earth? If there be any such deed, in God's name, in Christ's name, go and do it.

INGRAHAM, EVANS, AND DEWEY

American naval officers are more than the mere commanders of ships. They speak with the voice and the strength of the whole American Nation.

So spoke Duncan Nathaniel Ingraham when he took Martin Koszta, a Hungarian revolutionist but a naturalized American, from the deck of an Austrian frigate.

So spoke Robley D. Evans when, as commander of the Yorktown at Valparaiso, he captured the respect of the Government of Chile.

So spoke George Dewey when, after the Battle of Manila, he clashed swords with von Diederich, commander of the German fleet.

Just a few days ago an American naval vessel stood by while American men and women were lowered into small boats and the passenger ship on which they had been traveling was sent to the bottom.

That every vessel in the American navy shall be commanded by an Ingraham, an Evans, or a Dewey is perhaps too much to expect. Perhaps under the circumstances even an Ingraham, an Evans, or a Dewey might not have been able to do more than this American naval commander who was forced to watch the human cargo of the

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Stephano jettisoned into the Atlantic. For we do not know how closely the wireless telegraph limited the efforts of this naval officer to the salvage of human lives. Perhaps Ingraham, Evans, and Dewey were more fortunate than we have been accustomed to believe in being privileged to serve their country before the long arm of Marconi's invention had reached out over the open sea.

Yet it does not take a very vivid imagination to picture Ingraham, Evans, or Dewey laying his vessel alongside the U-53 and voicing the spirit of the American Nation in some such words as these:

"Your Government has pledged itself not to imperil American lives on the high seas. You are responsible for the safety of the passengers of the Stephano. If you choose to sink her, you will proceed to convoy her boats to shore under the guidance of my guns. If you attempt to submerge before her boats reach a safe haven, it will be my unpleasant duty to see that you never come to the surface again."

We believe that such an ultimatum would have been in full accord with international law and good morals. We believe that any naval officer who made such a threat under the circumstances attendant upon the sinking of the Stephano would have received the grateful applause of the American Nation.

DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYER?

A correspondent thinks that God does not answer prayer. He says:

P. S., in his letter incorporated in your editorial entitled "Two Kinds of Prayer," in The Outlook of September 13, 1916, presents what you style a "problem," which seems to be: "Why pray, when fifty-two years of experience are persuasive that no prayer is answered? Why not accept the situation and quit?" The trouble is that P. S. is trying to reconcile twentieth-century reason and experience with the reason and experience of men of former ages. In the past, if we are to believe the Bible and other numerous records, prayer was answered by miracle. It is hard to see how its efficacy could be otherwise shown, for, as pointed out by P. S., non-miraculous occurrences are referable to and explainable by natural antecedents.

As, however, former times abounded in miracles, belief in prayer was natural and reasonable. To-day there are no miracles, unless indeed the word is used in a quibbling sense.

Prayer answered by miracles may once have been part of God's plan in human affairs. But, miracles having ceased, the conclusion is reasonable that the plan has been changed.

G. N.

Faith in God's answer to prayers does not involve faith in miracles.

When your child is sick and you call in a doctor, you do not expect the doctor to work a miracle. You suppose that he has a better knowledge of the laws of health than you, and by employing those laws of health he can do more than you can for the recovery of your child.

The modern physician recognizes the effect of the spirit on the body. In many cases his presence in the sick-room is worth more than the drugs which he prescribes. In not a few cases he prescribes no drugs but trusts to nursing and the inspiration of hope and courage rather than to medicine. He will tell you frankly that all the doctor can do is to help nature.

In many cases this help of the spirit is all that is wanted, or even desired. I receive not less than eight or ten letters a week asking for counsel or comfort. My unknown friends do not expect me to work a miracle. They write to me because somehow they have come to have a faith in my sympathy and my intelligence. To doubt that my replies in many cases furnish comfort and in others illumination would be to doubt testimony that comes to me from unnumbered witnesses. To doubt that men and women have received comfort and illumination from pastors and friends and books and pre-eminently from the Bible; that pupils have received such counsel and comfort from teachers, and children from parents, and friends from friends, would be to doubt a fact attested by a greater number of witnesses than probably any other fact in human experience. But to believe this is not to believe in miracles.

We who believe in prayer simply believe that an Invisible Spirit is able to communicate to us counsel and comfort if we open our hearts to receive the counsel and the comfort which he is ready to impart. This belief rests on an experience which is nearly as universal as prayer. And prayer is nearly as old as history and as universal as the human race. To disbelieve that men and women—Jews, Christians, and pagans—have received help from an unknown source is to disbelieve concurring human testimony coming from all lands, all races, all religions, and all times, ancient and modern.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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POLITICAL MIRACLES IN CALIFORNIA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

IF there is anything certain in politics, it is that Governor Hiram Johnson, of California, will be elected on November 7 to the United States Senate. Yet California in the Presidential election is regarded as a doubtful State. There are some well-informed supporters of Hughes that expect the electoral vote of California to be cast for President Wilson. There are others, equally well informed, who believe that, although the vote will be close, the majority will be on the side of Mr. Hughes. No one, however, questions the election of Governor Johnson to the Senate. According to one of our correspondents, no one guesses his majority as "so little as a hundred thousand."

Governor Johnson's opponent, the candidate for the Senatorship on the Democratic ticket, George S. Patton—not Francis J. Heney, as The Outlook erroneously stated a while ago—is an educated man who formerly practiced law with success, and is now engaged in orange-growing on a large scale. In any ordinary campaign he would rank well. He is a man of wealth who lives in San Marino, near Los Angeles.

When Governor Johnson first announced his willingness to become a candidate for the Senate, it was generally supposed that Mr. Heney, a former prominent Progressive, who made his reputation by his brave fight as prosecutor of Abe Ruef in the graft case in San Francisco, would be the Democratic nominee. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Heney did not even enter the Democratic primary, and Mr. Patton received the nomination without opposition.

Party ties rest lightly upon the people of California; but what has happened in that State is startling even to those who have followed political history there for the last few years. Not many years ago California was known as a corporation-owned State. If anybody had prophesied at that time that in 1916 the State would send to the Senate as a Republican a man who had defied the corporations, had defied the bosses of his own party, and had been instrumental in putting through the most thoroughly constructed body of legislation of political and social reform that any State had ever adopted, he would have been laughed out of court. That, however, is exactly what is about to happen.

For four years Governor Johnson has been classed as a Progressive. He was the nominee of the Progressive party for the Vice-Presidency in 1912. In no State in the Union has bitter opposition to the Progressive organization been so obvious, so outspoken, as it has been in California. Hiram Johnson has been called traitor, wrecker of his party, deserter; but he has gone on in his way. When the Progressive party began to break up in the rest of the country, it kept its hold in California. When, last June, the Progressive National Convention adjourned without making a Presidential nomination and the virtual end of the party as a National organization was reached, it seemed as if the greatest sacrifice would consist of Governor Johnson and his fellow-Progressives of California. The Republican organization seemed to be in the hands of the reactionaries there. These gentlemen of the Old Guard, of course, expected to be in the saddle. They made it known that Governor Johnson's presence was not wanted at any Republican meeting. Their self-confidence had been increased when the so-called Non-Partisan Election Bill, advocated by Governor Johnson, was defeated by popular referendum. And their self-confidence had also been increased by the defeat of the so-called United Republicans, who had endeavored to send a delegation of the followers of Governor Johnson to the National Republican Convention in the interest of a reunion of the Republicans and Progressives under Progressive leadership.

The voters registered as Progressives were not eligible to vote in the Republican primary, and it was known in advance that they would make Governor Johnson the Progressive candidate for the Senatorship. Governor Johnson, however, though a Progressive, was entered also as a candidate in the Republican primary. His opponent in that primary was Mr. Willis H. Booth, a "regular." The leaders of the "regulars" emphasized Mr. Booth's "regularity" and Governor Johnson's "irregularity." They disregarded the liberal element in their own party. They allowed the statement to go abroad that every

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commission which had been created during the Johnson régime would be abolished. They charged the Johnson administration with reckless extravagance. When Mr. Hughes made his trip to California, these leaders of the "regulars" did all they could, not only to make the Progressives feel that they were outsiders, but also to put into the background the liberal element in their own party. The Old Guard attempted to capitalize Mr. Hughes's visit and to make it useful for their own return to power.

Mr. Chester H. Rowell, one of the foremost Progressives in the country, and a Progressive member of the National Republican Campaign Committee, tried to bring about co-operation between all the Progressives and all the Republicans; but his efforts met with no response on the part of the Republican "regulars." Not a single Progressive presided at a Hughes meeting. This was all done with the effort to eliminate Governor Johnson as the candidate for the United States Senatorship. The Old Guard were not thinking of Mr. Hughes, but of their own political rehabilitation. In spite of the fact that Mr. Hughes was a progressive before there was any Progressive party, he was made to appear in California as the representative of the anti-progressives. Though no Governor of an Eastern State has approached so nearly what Governor Johnson has done in California as Mr. Hughes during his Governorship in New York, there was nothing to indicate in Mr. Hughes's visit that he was of the same political faith as Governor Johnson. The Old Guard, aside from allowing the names of some Progressives to appear as vice-presidents in the Hughes meetings, did nothing to secure the support of the Progressives and the liberal Republicans, and much to alienate it. As a result, the joy of the Old Guard was unconfined.

Then came the primaries, and Governor Johnson, flouted by the leaders of the Republican party, himself a Progressive, was victor, and became, by command of the voters of the State, not only the Progressive but also the Republican candidate for the Senatorship. His majority in the Republican primary was just over fifteen thousand.

As a consequence, the Republicans and the Progressives are now united in California under Progressive leadership. How thoroughly established that leadership is may be indicated by the statement that Mr. Rowell, who had vainly attempted before the primaries to establish co-operation between the Progressives and Republicans in the support of Mr. Hughes, is now Republican State Chairman. Mr. Rowell's political history is typical of the State, and in some respects unique in the records of American politics. Four years ago he served as a member of the sub-committee of nine that wrote the Republican National platform, and a few weeks later served on the sub-committee that wrote the Progressive National platform. He and Dean Lewis, of Pennsylvania, who served on those two committees, are probably the only persons who ever participated in the writing of the National platforms of two principal parties in the same year. This year he has served simultaneously as Progressive National committeeman from California, as member of the Progressive National Executive Committee, and, though all the time registered as a Progressive, member of the Republican National Campaign Committee. Just before the first of October he was registered as a Republican, and was immediately thereafter elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee. As he himself has put it, "it was like the Methodist Church admitting a convert on probation, and electing him bishop the next day."

Under these circumstances, it can be readily seen that almost anything—except the defeat of Governor Johnson—can happen in California.

In view of the disappointment felt by Progressives over what one California Progressive calls "Mr. Hughes's unbenevolent neutrality," the electoral vote of California is somewhat in doubt. California might be ordinarily termed normally a Republican State. California, however, is doubtful today because there are many independent voters—either confessing no party allegiance or holding party attachment lightly—who feel that President Wilson has had a hard time of it, and has done well to keep the country out of war, and they intend to vote for him. That is as deeply as they think and is the limit of their vision. Organized labor is reputed to be for President Wilson, and must be considered. Many of the women of California are for Wilson, also because he has kept the country out of war, and because he has given the country as well some advanced legislation which they favored, and has managed to create such uncertainty as to his attitude toward equal suffrage that they do not see much difference between

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the President's attitude and that of Mr. Hughes.

That was the situation, at least up to the time of the State Convention, held in September. In California those nominated as candidates for the Legislature, with elected delegates representing the hold-over Senators, who are usually the Senators themselves, constitute the membership of the Convention. Five conventions were held, one for each party. The Republican Convention was completely controlled by the liberal wing of the party. Governor Johnson's administration was indorsed, and the pledge was made that there would be no backward step in the matter of humanitarian legislation and the reforms wrought by his administration. Hughes and Fairbanks were indorsed, of course, and a number of old-line Republicans were chosen as Presidential electors, including Mr. Booth, whom Governor Johnson had defeated for the Senatorial nomination. Governor Johnson addressed the Convention, and received a remarkably hearty greeting. He pledged his support of Mr. Hughes in a way that aroused the enthusiasm of the Hughes supporters. The party, outwardly at least, is united. This remarkable Convention, bringing the party under liberal control, will do much to help the cause of Mr. Hughes. The Republicans are in a large majority in California on registration, and it would seem that they should be successful on election day. But even those who believe that the State will be carried by Hughes admit that the vote is likely to be close. * * *

THE U-53 AND THE MIDDLE WEST

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

WHAT may be described as "polite interest" was taken by the Middle West in the news of the German submarine operations in American waters. At least as much attention was given by Middle Western newspapers to collateral issues growing out of the appearance of the U-53 as to the discussion of the immediate consequences of the raid. Doubtless this was largely due to the fact that a distance of more than a thousand miles from the scene of possible U-boat operations gives the Middle West a greater sense of detachment than is possible for the Atlantic coast cities.

West of Chicago there was hardly a reference to the essential inhumanity of submarine warfare. The Chicago "Evening Post" referred to this aspect of the affair. But a fairly careful reading of a large number of Middle Western newspapers failed to disclose similar references elsewhere. The St. Paul "Pioneer Press" protested that it was "highly improbable that the official determination that the marauding German submarine is within her belligerent rights thus far will serve to allay the storm which is sweeping over the United States as information comes of the destruction of commerce and the endangering of American lives." The average American, it added, "will ignore all questions of law and rush into a heated resentment of this bringing of the war into our territorial waters."

In general, however, the protests were much milder. The St. Louis "Post-Dispatch" insisted that "German submarines have as much right to operate near our shores as British and French war-vessels have. So long as the submarines act in accord with international law and respect our rights on the sea, we cannot complain." The "Globe-Democrat," of the same city, remarked that "there seems to be no present reason for the United States to be excited over the outburst of submarine warfare." But the danger of complications was generally recognized. The Kansas City "Star" noted that the raids emphasized the fact that the submarine controversy is far from settled, and the Topeka "Capital" said: "Americans will breathe easier if they 'get' the U-53 or it is heard from returning home or in other waters than this side of the Atlantic." "Perhaps the most promising thing to do now," said the Sioux City "Journal," "is to pray that the naval submarines and the merchant submarines alike will keep away from our waters."

One reason for the coolness with which the matter was discussed was the prevalent feeling that Germany could not fight effectively so far from home. Typical of widespread

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comments of this sort was that of the Lincoln (Nebraska) "State Journal," which said:

Like the previous sensational naval achievements of the Germans, the material result is comparatively slight. The commerce raiders were finally sunk or driven to port. All the Deutschlands Germany can build cannot carry goods enough to affect the blockade greatly. Submarine operations on the Atlantic coast are not economical war. The ships passing in and out of American ports pass also in and out of European ports. There they are equally open to attack by submarines, which in that case need be only a few hundred miles from home. The moral effect, the audacity of the deed, is the main accomplishment in these attacks on the American side. The German navy cannot strike a body blow. It must content itself with dealing bold and unexpected pin-pricks to prove how brilliant the Germans could be on the sea if only they had the chance.

As has been said, numerous lessons were drawn from the German operations. In view of the proximity of the election, there was more or less discussion of the raids in connection with the Wilson Administration's foreign policy. For instance, the "Oklahoman," of Oklahoma City, a Democratic newspaper, thanked God that in these parlous times "a man tried by the fire of experience" was at the head of the Government. The Topeka "Capital," owned by Governor Capper, of Kansas, which is solicitous lest the United States become militaristic, made the inference that a fleet of submarines could safeguard the country from attack. "If the modern U-boats," it said, "now developed to a size of two hundred feet in length, equipped with powerful torpedoes, are able to travel a month's or more distance from their base and sink merchantmen, what chance would a fleet of merchantmen or transports carrying an army have of navigating the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean and landing on a hostile shore, with fleets of defending U-boats hunting for them on the way and waiting for them at their points of arrival? For defense the U-boat in adequate numbers is so formidable that alone, and not as a mere arm of a high-grade navy, it could defend a coast pretty effectively from an invading army that must be transported across the seas. An army attempting to attack overseas would be decimated before it ever reached land."

But perhaps the view most commonly emphasized was that a blow had been given the theory of the ocean as a barrier against foreign attack. Said the "Herald-Republican," of Salt Lake City (Utah):

Captain Hans Rose and the little vessel he commands have given the final blow to the theory of "splendid isolation" so long urged by a certain class of Americans as rendering unnecessary any preparations for National defense. It may be assumed that what one U-boat has been able to do with ease others can accomplish without difficulty. When the deadliest weapon ever invented for naval warfare can reach American shores, the day when thousands of miles of tossing waters form a barrier to invasion would seem to have passed.

"To this Nation," the "Rocky Mountain News," of Denver (Colorado), said, "it was notice in letters of red that the Atlantic Ocean is no longer such a safeguard as was imagined; that we are, for good or bad, in very close contact with Europe, and not so very far removed from the Asiatic shores of the Pacific Ocean."

It may fairly be said that the Middle West has never found the war so vital a matter as it has been to the Eastern States. The Middle West is not in such close touch with Europe or European affairs. To the farmer of the prairie European problems seem remote. He still maintains much of the traditional isolation of the Nation. The interdependence of nations is more or less of an empty phrase to him. In this sort of an atmosphere the peace plans of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Ford have been peculiarly effective. They have appealed to Middle Western idealism, and have had the enormous additional advantage of not cutting across Middle Western economic prosperity. Thus it comes to appear both idealistic and materially profitable to keep out of any risk of war. "War," runs the argument, "is a horrible thing, and as needless as it is horrible. Thank God, we are not as these mad Europeans, in whose quarrel we have no part!" It is this frame of mind that has given especial force in the Middle West to the campaign argument that President Wilson has "kept the country out of war," and that always has tended to take the edge off the acuteness of feeling on issues arising from submarine warfare.

H. J. HASKELL.
The Kansas City "Star," Kansas City, Missouri.

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THE NATIONS AT WAR

ENGLAND AND THE FUTURE OF DEMOCRACY

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

AS the great struggle drags on, it becomes more and more evident that the most important factor in determining the form and spirit of the new Europe to follow the war will be the internal politics of the British Isles.

A few months ago a well-known Englishman said: "We call this a war of liberation. But it is blind folly not to realize that it may be quite the opposite if we Liberals are not strong enough to make and keep it liberal." And his tone indicated that he was distressfully uncertain as to which of the great political parties would rule Great Britain after the war.

No better description of the very serious—and very perplexed—frame of mind of the British Liberals has appeared than Mr. Wells's new novel, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." After the war, as before it, all the hopeful, progressive elements of English life will have to struggle against the same bitter reactionary party which had brought Ireland to the verge of civil war.

The tide of battle has now definitely set in against the Central Empires. Inevitably we begin to speculate over the plans which the Entente Powers are forming for the reorganization of Europe. The determining element in all forecasts must be one's guess at the outcome of the political struggle in the British Parliament.

The general policies of the Entente will be determined by the three original partners. Their lesser—and later—allies will be mainly occupied in pressing their private claims. In its broad lines the new map of Europe will be drawn by France, Russia, and Great Britain.

We can foretell with considerable certainty the attitude of the French. They did not enter the war in hope of gain. They expect to reconquer Alsace-Lorraine, to secure a protectorate in Syria, and to receive some colonial advantages in Africa. But they would not have gone to war for any nor all of these gains. They wanted to be let alone. Their prime interest in the reorganization—like ours—will be for a régime of justice and peace.

The Republic, in its long fight with the clerico-royalist reaction, has definitely won. France is liberal. In the councils of Europe—in all broad issues—her influence will be modern, humane, and progressive.

The position of Russia will almost certainly be the opposite. Even the most optimistic believers in the Russian revolution—of whom I am one—must realize that the Foreign Office is ever the last stronghold of the reaction. For some months after the war the Russian Liberals will be more than busy consolidating and expanding their victories in internal politics. These gains have been real. They are full of promise for the future. But in all probability the foreign affairs of the Empire for some time to come will be left in the hands of the old diplomatic corps, bred from and trained under the *ancien régime.*

However, the Czar will be faced by a very pressing need for money. Even if the Germans have real money to lend after the war—which is doubtful—he would hardly dare to make friends with the Kaiser immediately after hostilities. He will be dependent on his two western banking allies.

The Russian diplomats at the peace congress will probably be reactionary by instinct and tradition, but their votes will be influenced by their master's urgent need of conciliating those who can lend him money.

So Great Britain will hold the balance of power. Her delegates will do as they are told. If the King's Cabinet is Liberal, Great Britain will side with France, and together they will find it easy to impose progressive policies on their great ally. But if the Tory Imperialists hold the Government at Westminster, they will strike hands with the Russians and outvote the French.

The situation of Poland offers a notable example. It is a very thorny problem. But one fact is obvious. It will be most distasteful for the Czar to grant liberties to the Poles which he refuses to his subjects of Russian blood. If the Government of Petrograd is given a free hand in this matter, the Poles are doomed to new disappointments.

The French would like to see a reconstituted Poland, partly because they cherish a

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traditional friendship for the Poles, partly because they really believe in the theory of the rights of nations. But France, single-handed, will not be able to control the issue. The Poles themselves are well aware that their fate in the event of German defeat will be determined at London, not at Petrograd. If the British delegates join with the French in urging the Czar to keep his promise, he will do it.

But the British delegates cannot insist on Russia being more liberal to the Poles than their own Government is to Ireland. If Sir Edward Carson and Lord Lansdowne and the other Englishmen who believe in suppressing with bayonets the unrest of the Irish Catholics are in power, they will hardly raise their voices in behalf of the oppressed Catholics of Poland.

In a thousand ways, if the British and French diplomats work together, consciously using the great argument of their lending power, they can help in the stupendous task of liberalizing Russia. But if the Tories are in power and try to "cash in" on one-half the Imperialistic projects they freely discuss in their papers, they will support their own caste—the Czar and his Court. There will be small hope for the Poles and as little for the Liberals of Russia.

In a like manner, the fate of the Balkans depends on Great Britain. That unhappy peninsula has long been the "sore spot of Europe." Infection, spreading from this center, has set half the world at war. And Europe will not be cured—there will be no definite end to war—till a decent solution is found for the problem of the Near East. Nowhere is high-minded, far-sighted statesmanship so desperately needed. There are in Great Britain many men eminently fitted for the work of reorganization and conciliation. Whether or not they will be in a position to utilize their knowledge depends on the hazards of party politics at Westminster.

The influence of Great Britain, for or against the future peace of the world, will be even more obviously paramount in the much-discussed matter of the economic "War after the War."

At present there are two quite distinct meanings attached to this phrase.

It is very generally believed in the other nations of Europe that German industrial competition has been "unfair." It is charged that the German Government has used on a colossal scale the methods of driving industrial rivals out of business which in a smaller way have furnished the subject-matter of all our anti-trust legislation at home.

The lens-grinding industry of France is often cited as a concrete example. A generation ago all the best lenses for microscopes, field-glasses, and telescopes were made in France. It is charged that the German Government by excessive subsidies not only encouraged German firms to enter the field, but enabled them to sell below cost in the French market till the French industry was killed. Even the French army was buying its field-glasses from Germany. And during the war it has been necessary for the French to recreate the industry.

This is the essence of what is called "dumping." Even before the war considerable experiment had been made in "anti-dumping" legislation. Perhaps the Canadian law was the most effective. It is extremely probable that all the nations of the world will pass such defensive tariffs after the war.

Direct government subsidies to give home industries unfair advantages in foreign trade are in absolute opposition to the idea of free trade. And even the most doctrinaire free-trader could hardly object to legislation which made it impossible to dump goods in a foreign market at a price below that current at home.

But there is another and more disquieting meaning attached to the "War after the War." On the basis of the widespread sentiment in favor of defensive tariffs against unfair competition, influential politicians in all the Entente nations are preaching a policy of economic vengeance, a programme intended to smother the industry of the Central Empires by frankly vindictive customs walls. These ideas are advocated by those who are anxious to be freed from all competition—fair as well as foul—and who are willing to use to this end foul means as well as fair.

Here again the crux of the whole matter lies in British politics. The Liberals of England have led the world in the evolution towards free exchange of commodities. A group in favor of an Imperial Zollverein had grown to dominance in the Unionist party. Immediately before the war this was one of the "issues" of British politics. It is beyond doubt that all this agitation in favor of anti-dumping laws has greatly strengthened the Tory position.

France, Russia, and the other Entente allies were already high tariff countries before

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the war. In industrial and financial matters they are all largely dependent on Great Britain. So if the Tories win control of the Government at London there is a chance that they may impose on their own country and on their allies a unified and oppressive customs barrier to smother the Central Empires.

There could be no measure more distressing to lovers of peace the world over than such a policy of industrial vengeance. It is at this point that the politics of Great Britain most closely affect us in America. The League to Enforce Peace, the possibility of cordial co-operation between the United States and Great Britain, depends on the defeat of this reactionary programme. "Peace" would be an empty word if the greatest industrial nation of Europe was bent on a ruthless economic war.

So, from almost every point of view, the center of interest in speculating on the nature of the new Europe which the Entente will organize if victorious is found to be the struggle of the political parties at Westminster.

There are two points of great similarity between British politics and our own. Under the two-party system neither political camp is homogeneous. As we have the "Old Guard" and "Progressive" Republicans, with many sub-species in between, so the Unionist party of Great Britain is split up into many hostile factions. Sir Edward Carson and Sir Horace Plunkett are as far apart as Uncle Joe Cannon and Raymond Robins. It is equally true that membership in the Liberal party is no sure sign of Liberalism. The right wings of the two parties are nearer together than the two wings of either party.

A second point of similarity is that the same phenomenon develops in England which we have learned to expect in any party that is a long time in power. The Liberals came in with the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry in 1904, and they were continuously in power for the ten years preceding the war.

In 1904 the Liberal party was a fighting organization, inspired by high ideals. It offered a large programme of constructive legislation. Its record in this matter is good. Most of its campaign promises have been fulfilled. It has put through sweeping Budget reforms. It has made labor representation possible by the payment of Members. It has pulled the teeth of the Lords and has initiated many social reforms—old age pensions, national insurance, etc.

But with each of these victories some of the party's radical idealism cooled. It had formed alliances with powerful "interests" which quickly became "vested." It had become a big, prosperous—and rather lifeless—machine. It had grown fat on power and, to say the least, sluggish. After ten years of office the Liberal Cabinet found it necessary to defend some of its members from "graft charges" in the obscure Marconi affair.

Even before the menace of war arose many ardent Liberals were hoping for the defeat of their party. As a political organization it no longer represented the best of British Liberalism. Sincere friends of the party realized that a shake-up was necessary. But the men in power were reluctant to surrender, and unless the organization was able to rejuvenate itself from within a defeat at the polls was inevitable in the near future. It is probable that the Asquith Ministry would have fallen before the end of 1914 if the war had not come.

What had happened in our Republican party between 1860 and 1912 had taken place in the Liberal party of Great Britain in ten years.

Shortly after the outbreak of war a coalition Cabinet was formed. As every one expected a short war, the postponement of party quarrels—union in the face of the enemy—seemed the wise policy. But there are some questions of internal politics which, while they can be safely postponed for a few months, cannot be ignored for years. Witness Ireland. Now, with the wisdom of two years' experience, it is evident that a long-continued coalition policy is unsound.

The new Cabinet was not three months old before the Tories broke the truce by a revival of party intrigues. They understood "coalition" to mean their return to power. Their principal newspapers were quite frank about it. They had one great advantage over their Liberal colleagues in the Ministry. They controlled the vitally important departments of the army, the navy, and the foreign office. The Liberals had already been forced to surrender on the Home Rule Bill because the Tory army officers had mutinied. The element of democracy in the British Government is almost entirely limited to Parliament. And war inevitably gives predominance to the administrative and executive departments. High commands in the army and navy, important posts in the diplomatic corps, are confined to the aristocracy.

Of course there is nothing in war to change

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a landlord's dislike to a direct tax on land values. Face to face with the Germans, the Tories and Liberals could co-operate to a certain extent. But the internal life of the Empire also had to be "governed." And in these matters, where there was no chance of agreement, the Tories, whose aid was needed in the conduct of the war, scored victory after victory.

Their most successful political *coup* has been the breaking of the alliance between the Liberal party and the Irish Nationalists. If the Tories can succeed as well in forcing Asquith to break his pledges to the Labor party, it will be very doubtful if the Liberals can win in the next general elections.

So, although there can be little doubt that liberal ideas and modern progressive tendencies predominate in British life, there is grave danger that the Empire may be ruled by Tories in the first period after the war. It is perhaps most probable that the first elections when peace comes will be indecisive—one party or the other winning a precarious majority—too slight to be stable.

There is little reason to fear for the ultimate outcome, for a new element is entering into British politics. The self-governing dominions—Canada, Australasia, South Africa—are surely going to have a larger voice in Imperial affairs. And they, having no indigenous aristocracy, are much more definitely liberal and democratic than the mother country. But the Imperial reorganization will be slow work. There may be several years—the immensely important years of European reconstruction—before Great Britian definitely makes up her mind to be liberal.

A NOTE ON THE TRANSFORMATION OF MONTANA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE State of Montana doesn't owe me anything, and I owe Montana as little. But I do like to see a great American commonwealth getting on. To the East, Montana has long been merely a great copper-mining State which has a very wicked mining camp named Butte, which produces strikes and Socialists and more copper ore than any like territory in the world. Oh, yes, and a State which is also noted for violent political feuds and corrupt political practices on a scale as vast as the mining operations themselves. Well, the East has another guess coming about Montana.

There are two Montanas, the old and the new. The new Montana is becoming a great agricultural as well as a great mining State, and into the eastern part of the commonwealth are pouring many thousands of enterprising farmers from all over the Union. The United States Department of Agriculture for 1915 shows that Montana leads the twelve principal agricultural States of the country in the average per acre production of wheat, oats, barley, flax, potatoes, and rye. In fifteen years the farm value of these products in Montana has increased more than seven hundred fold. And the agricultural element is contributing a balance and an economic and political quality to the State of very great importance.

Butte is a unique mining camp and the richest hill in the world. The greatest copper deposits in the United States are in the Butte district. The social and political life of the State were long under the sway of the copper interests. Daly and Heinze and Clark, the Anaconda and the Amalgamated, are names of National notoriety and interest. Marcus Daly, looking for silver, came upon rich copper deposits deeper down. About the time that these deposits were first showing their richness a young mining engineer, Augustus Heinze, came to Butte, a man of thorough technical education, a graduate of technical schools not only in the United States but in Germany. At first he was employed as superintendent by the Anaconda Company. He began to discover fractions of mining claims of very great value, unlocated and unsurveyed, at the borders of the greater claims. Quitting the Anaconda and locating these fractions, he began to develop rich mines, which by and by encroached upon their neighbors. William A. Clark, the third member of this great copper triumvirate, was likewise one of the original owners in the Butte district.

The competitive activities of these power-

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ful economic personalities made the State of Montana in the early days the battleground of fierce political conflicts. The fight for the uncharted fractional claims of Heinze was taken into the courts. The original struggle lay between the Heinze interests and the Daly interests, by this time known as the Amalgamated. Both interests entered politics for the purpose of electing judges in Silver Bow County as well as the judges of the Supreme Court of the State. Heinze judges or Amalgamated judges—that was the whole issue. It was a crude, raw struggle for property preferment, without regard to the justice of the cause or to free institutions.

Clark had no part in the original feud. Later he had political ambitions and desired to go to the United States Senate. Clark was a Democrat. Daly had long been a Democratic leader. Heinze was a Republican and was popular with the mine-workers. Clark gained control of the Democratic organization and formed a coalition with the Republican Heinze. Daly organized the Independent Democratic party of Montana. Finally the time arrived when Clark was a candidate for the United States Senate before the Legislature of the State. There were loud allegations of corruption. On the day when the deadlocked joint session was about to vote for the fifteenth time four members arose in rotation and sent up to the Speaker's desk $10,000—each sent up ten one-thousand-dollar bills—with which, they asserted there had been an attempt to bribe them. An amusing phase of the incident was that nobody ever claimed the fund, which finally went to charity. In connection with the charges of alleged bribery, Clark resigned from the United States Senate and went back to Montana. He and the controlling interests of the Amalgamated soon made a lasting peace, leaving minority stockholder Daly outside the breastworks. The organization Democrats now had a clear majority of the Legislature and Clark was finally sent with unclouded title to the United States Senate.

Clark has the reputation in Montana, as in New York, of being a wonderfully able man. Whatever he has done, all his life long, he has done thoroughly. When he first arrived in Montana, he drove out a bull-team from Iowa loaded with tobacco and beans and other supplies. Almost immediately he went into the merchandising business in Deer Lodge, then into the banking business in Butte, and then into placer mining. As soon as he had made money enough he went back East to Columbia University in New York and took the mining courses for the full four years. As an indication of the versatility of the man, it may be stated that he is now, in his later years, a notable art collector.

Those were the old days of general political debauchery in this country. They were the days when men fought money with money, fire with fire—"plugged the devil," as the saying was in Montana, "with his own ammunition." For years there were no party lines in the State. It was Clark or Daly. And Daly died in the midst of the fight.

It was not total depravity on the part of the people of Montana, but plain old economic brutality, which gave to Montana a bad name half a generation ago, and wrought her temporary political deterioration. It is simply a variation of the story of California or Colorado or Pennsylvania or New Jersey or New York—the struggle for control by powerful economic groups, acting against the common welfare and the common life of the commonwealth.

The old days are done. The fractional claims are all at least legally established, and the economic giants have ceased to struggle and have passed on. Montana to-day shows few political scars of that great conflict. The people are as fine as any in the Union. The agricultural prospects of the State are superior to anything in the Northwest. No commonwealth in the country has so drastic a corrupt practices act. The liberal spirit in both parties is very strong. Wilson will get the united Democratic support. The only Progressives outside the Republican fold seem to be those who would be out if there had been no split at all in 1912, and the liberal wing in both parties is sure of the ascendency. The new immigration of farmers is mainly from Republican States, and the normal Republican majority is now ten or fifteen thousand. On the other hand, the addition of women to the electorate for the first time is a factor of uncertain political meaning, and the present Democratic Governor, Stuart, is a decent, honest, square-fighting man, looked up to by everybody. If you size it up on all sides, it is a pretty close State, but a clean State, and whichever way it goes it means to be for righteousness and the National weal.

FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT.

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WHAT I SAW OF THE GERMAN SUBMARINE U-53

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

ON the afternoon of October 6, just as we were returning from a successful fishing trip, we sighted two submarines entering the Narrows of Narragansett Bay. As they passed us we saw that the first was the United States submarine E-2; the other was larger than any submarine I had ever seen, and by her flag I could see that she was German. My captain did his utmost to keep up with her, but of course she went much faster than we, so that when she anchored among the thirty-seven United States war-ships we were at least a mile behind. As we sailed nearer to her we saw hundreds of little boats crowding around her to congratulate the captain and the crew. They were on the decks in their leather suits, smoking cigars, and evidently in high spirits over the success of their long voyage. The sailors were making remarks about the "*komisches Fahrboot*" (funny ferry-boat) Connecticut.

After sailing around the submarine once or twice, we made for the landing, where we spread the news. Then a friend who owned one of the speediest motor boats in Newport immediately got up a party to go out and see the submarine.

When we arrived where the submarine lay at anchor, the first thing they asked us was, "Is there any news of the Bremen?" We told them that we had not heard of her. We asked how many days they had been under way. "Seventeen days," they shouted in chorus. We asked whether they had enough to eat. A hearty affirmative was their reply; and they certainly looked a well-fed crew!

We then asked if we might come on board. One of the crew ran forward and asked the captain, who looked about thirty-eight years old, and who had kind blue eyes and a pointed beard. He was spick and span, despite his long and hard voyage. He looked at us critically a moment, and then beckoned to us to come alongside. We needed no urging to board her.

She was long and narrow, and on her starboard side was the wireless, which folded together. The conning tower rose about ten feet above the deck. There were three periscopes; two were for the man at the helm, and the other for the torpedo crew. On the floor of the conning tower was a manhole about three feet in diameter which led down to the wireless operating-room, and then down still farther to the engine-room.

The captain told us that there were thirty-six men in the crew. There were four officers, who took turns in standing four-hour watches during the entire voyage. He said that often the sea was so heavy that they had to be lashed to the railing of the conning tower for fear of being swept overboard by the waves. He then asked us if we did not want to go below. We exclaimed, "Are we allowed?" "Most people are not," he said, "but you are welcome."

We went down one of the forward manholes to the torpedo-room where the two forward torpedo tubes are. They were both loaded. Two other torpedoes hung in readiness on either side. Every part of the room was used. Tools were kept in cases on the ceiling, and the men's bunks folded against the walls.

The next was the captain's cabin, shared by the executive officer. The bunks were on either side of the cabin, and in the center was a folding table. On the wall were pictures of the Kaiser and several other notable Germans. The next cabin had about the same arrangement for the two inferior officers. We then went into the engine-room. We read the inscription, which said that she was completed January 20, 1916. The next room was the aft torpedo-room, similar to the one above described.

Then we went on deck and said good-by to the captain, thanking him for the kind hospitality that was shown to us. We boarded our launch, and gave the crew newspapers, cigars, and other things that we thought they would like.

After a hearty "*Auf wiedersehen*" we left for our landing, not dreaming that the most exciting part of our adventure was yet to come.

When we got to the landing, the owner of the launch suggested that we follow the submarine out to sea when she left that night. When the time came, we followed her about three miles beyond Brenton's lightship. By this time all the other boats that had tried to do the same as we had given up the chase. The captain recognized us and signaled us that they were going to submerge. Then at once all the crew that were on the decks went down the manholes and the big submarine looked quite deserted. All the party stood breathless.

Suddenly a great hissing sound was heard, like the air escaping from a tire, as they let out the air from the huge air-tanks. The

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submarine began slowly to sink, the water crept over the decks and then over the conning tower, until only the periscope, which looked like the fin of a shark, was seen racing through the water. Then even that disappeared for a moment, and the phantom was entirely out of view. Then, like a ghost out of the deep waters, the submarine reappeared, and one by one the crew came on deck again. They waved us a last good-by as we turned to leave them, and like a phantom the U-53 disappeared in the moonlight.

VARICK FRISSELL.

[We think it will interest our readers to know that the writer of this piece of correspondence is thirteen years of age.—THE EDITORS.]

"THE LAST OF THE HOOSIERS"

BY JOHN FINLEY

Mr. Finley, as our readers know, is President of the University of the State of New York, and Commissioner of Education for that State. The following poem was read by him in an address which he made in Indianapolis on Sunday evening, October 8, at a memorial meeting held in honor of James Whitcomb Riley. The date of the meeting was chosen because it was the anniversary of the poet's birth. By way of preface to the verses Mr. Finley said: "When John Finley, of Indiana, in 1833, in a bit of homely, improvised verse written as a New Year address for carriers of the Indianapolis 'Journal,' for the first known time used the word 'Hoosier' in print (a word thought by some to be derived from the frontier salutation, 'Who's hyer'), he was thinking of the little circle of its subscribers. But the word was caught up by a tow-headed Indiana boy, a 'Hoosieroon,' James Whitcomb Riley, and carried by him, not only throughout the earth, but also to the very gate of that place which we who were born of God-fearing parents out on the prairies still think of as a place somewhere in the skies. And here is the scene on the night of July 22 [Riley's death night], in this year of our Lord, as one of the far kin of that primitive prairie poet witnessed it."—THE EDITORS.

"*Who's hyer?*" some one in heaven cried
From back of that far-shining gate,
The very night that Riley died,
To some one outside, knocking late.

"*Who's hyer?*" And he, the man from earth
Of Hoosier dialect, outside,
Quite modest of his human worth,
Stammered and then at last replied:

"I—I'm the Hoosier-man who said: '*If such a thing could be*
As the Angels wantin' boardin' and they'd call around on me—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.' "

As 'twere a Hoosier cabin door,
The gate was opened by the Lord—
And there the stranger stood before
The Angels he'd agreed to "board."

"You've entertained us unaware,"
They said, "and now we give you here
What you were ready there to share
With us each autumn of the year."

Then spoke the Lord when they had ceased:
"For inasmuch as you," said He,
"Have sung your poems to the least,
You've sung them also unto Me."

He called the trav'ler by his name,
As if He'd known him long before,
And helped him, seeing he was lame,
"*Then took him in and shut the door.*"

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

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A SPECTACULAR EXHIBIT ON FIRE PREVENTION DAY

Fire Prevention Day, October 9, was observed in hundreds of cities throughout the country. Parades with floats calling attention to fire dangers were features of the occasion in many cities. In Philadelphia the activities illustrated included, as shown above, an exhibition of up-to-date methods of fire fighting

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SARAH BERNHARDT REVISITS AMERICA

"Seventy-two years old this month, obliged to be carried because with her artificial leg she cannot walk with any ease, still, as she received callers seated in her rooms at the Hotel Majestic yesterday after landing from the French liner Espagne, her glance was as full of fire, her speech had the same imperious rush of words, there was the same sense of vivid life in her as when she was in the heyday of her genius." So says the New York "Sun" of the wonderful French actress, who is making a tour of this country and Canada, giving recitations from the parts she has made famous

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JAMES W. GERARD, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY, COMES HOME FOR A BRIEF STAY

Ambassador Gerard's visit to America has, it is believed, an important bearing on the diplomatic relations of this country with Germany

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A CAPTURED GERMAN POSITION ON THE SOMME BATTLEFIELD

These British officers are making observations from what had been the German front line six hours previously. The photograph was taken on September 15

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VICTIMS OF THE U-BOAT WARFARE OFF THE AMERICAN COAST

Turned adrift in small boats at short notice, the women and children shown above probably owe their lives more to weather conditions than to German humanity. They were passengers on the British steamship Stephano, which was torpedoed and sunk by the U-53 near Nantucket Island on October 8

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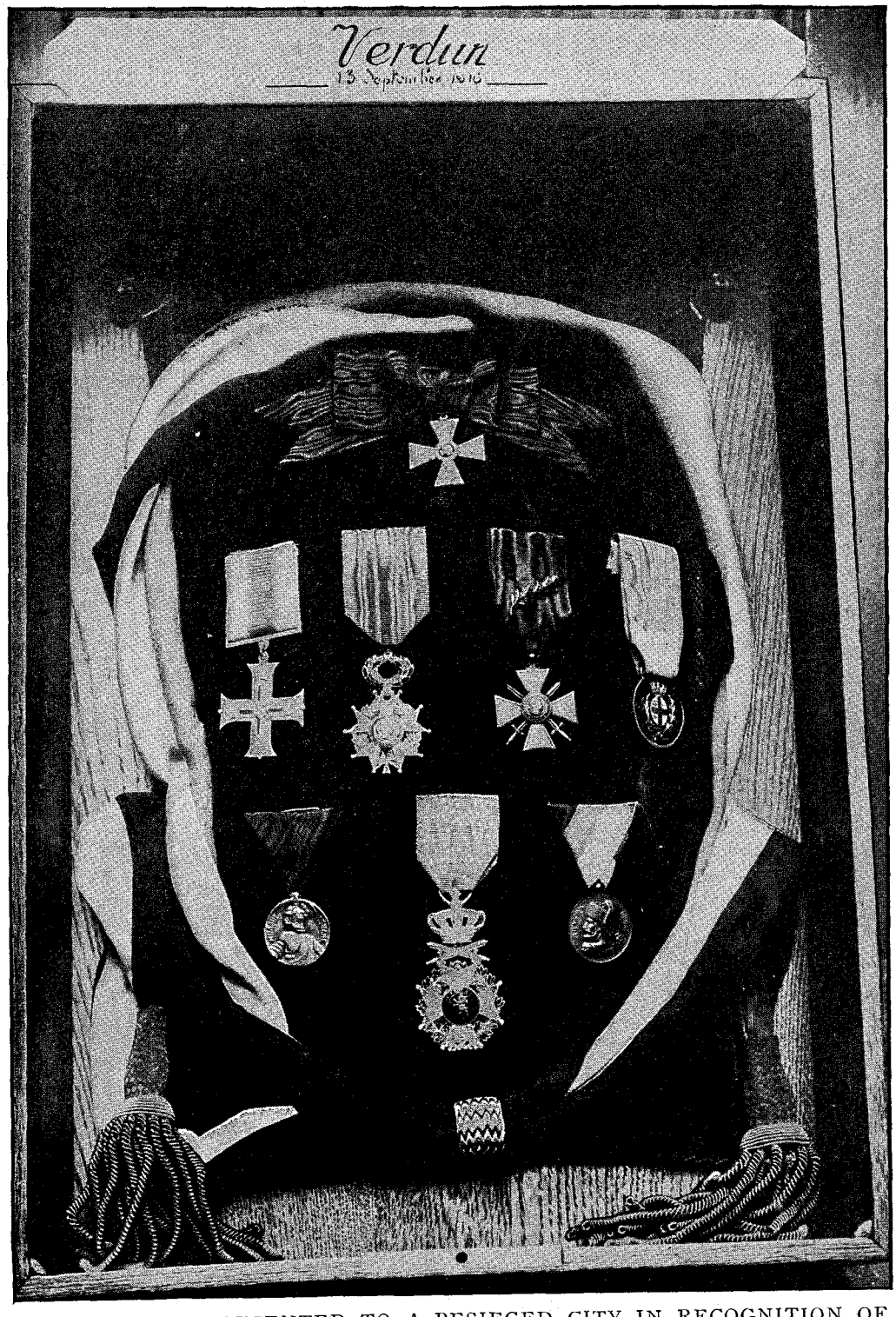

DECORATIONS PRESENTED TO A BESIEGED CITY IN RECOGNITION OF ITS HEROIC DEFENSE

Verdun, which has successfully resisted its German besiegers for many months, has been presented by President Poincaré, of France, with the above medals from the Allied Powers. At the top is the cross of St. George, from Russia. Left to right, Military Cross, from England; Legion of Honor, from France; War Cross, from France; Military Bravery, from Italy; Military Bravery, from Servia; Leopold Cross, from Belgium; Gold Medal, from Montenegro

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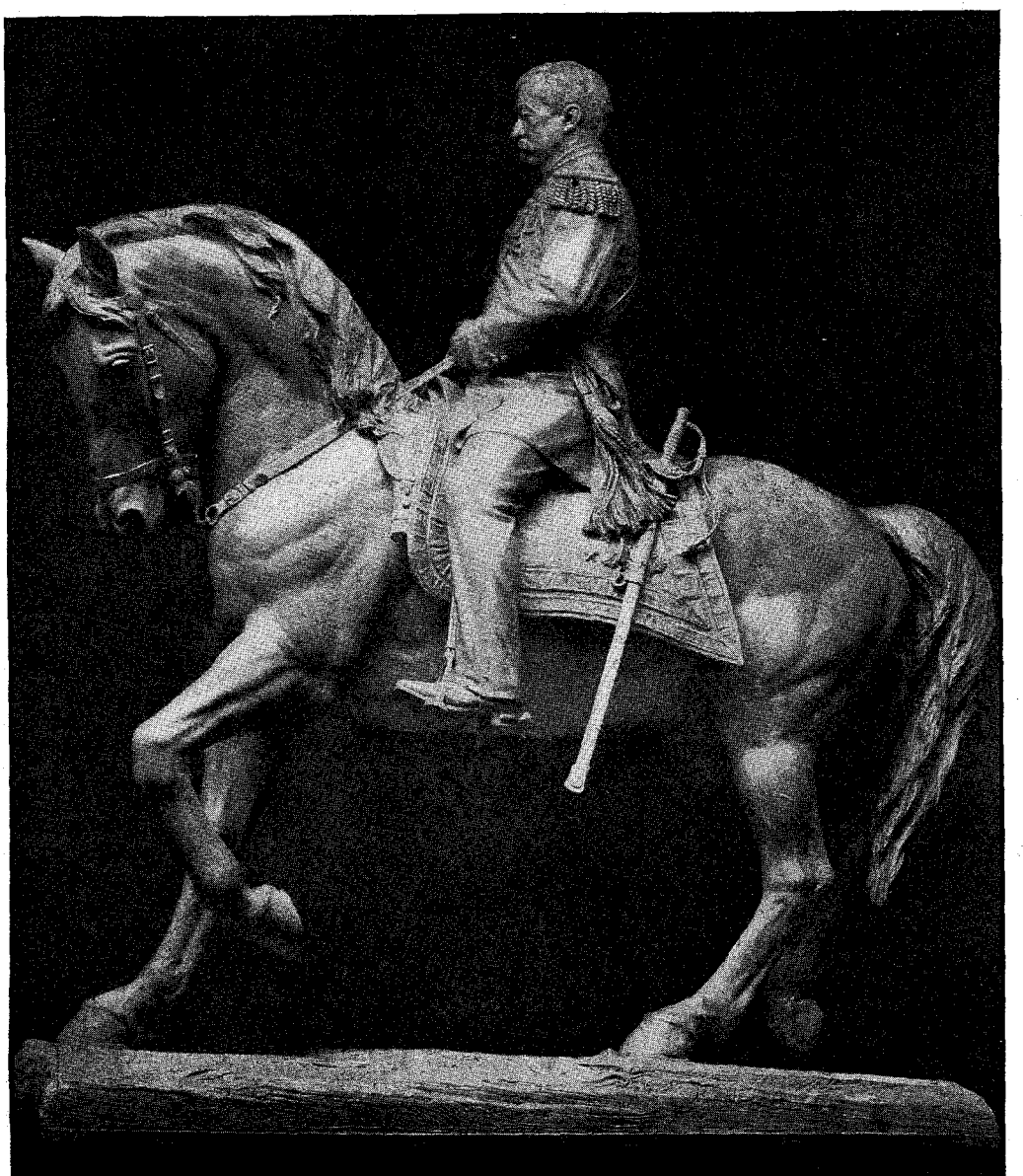

A STATUE OF GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, BY J. Q. A. WARD

This statue of the famous Civil War soldier was unveiled in Albany, New York, October 7. The work is of bronze, and is of heroic size. It represents General Sheridan on a splendid charger, thus carrying out his injunction to his friend the sculptor, "Be sure and give me a horse." Mr. Ward, the creator of this statue, was one of the most eminent of American sculptors. His "Indian Hunter" was the first statue erected in Central Park, New York. Other statues by him are those of George Washington on the steps of the Treasury Building, New York, of General Thomas in Washington, of Israel Putnam in Hartford, Connecticut, and the Beecher Monument in Brooklyn. Mr. Ward died in 1910

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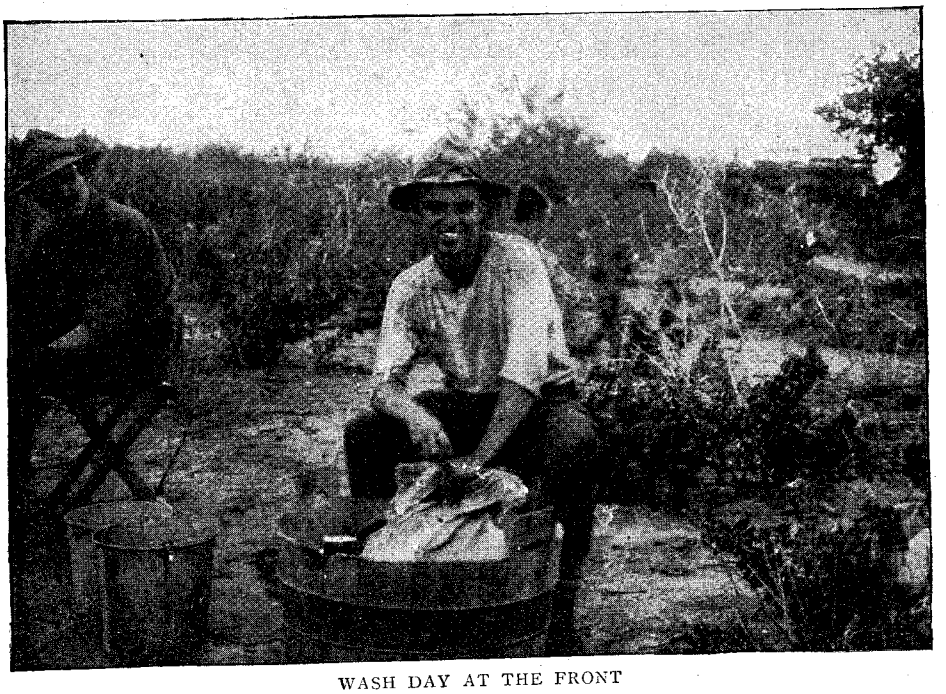
A SOLDIER'S FREEHAND DRAWING ON A NOVEL SKETCHING-BOARD



WASH DAY AT THE FRONT

A NATIONAL GUARDSMAN'S SNAP-SHOTS OF ARMY LIFE ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

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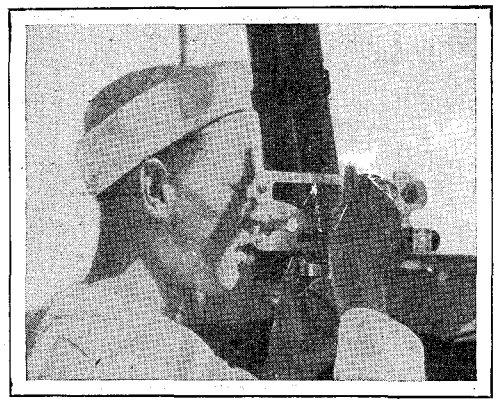
TURNING A LANDSMAN INTO A SEA FIGHTER

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE prospectus of the civilian volunteer cruise on the battle-ships of the Atlantic Reserve Fleet promised things that seemed to a landsman impossible of performance. It appealed to the imagination, however. There was to be a month at sea. The civilians were to assist in running the ships, share in the war maneuvers, and engage in target practice. It looked like a dream that was little likely to be anything else, but which, at the same time, promised to be a delightful dream while it lasted. One hardly ventured to picture himself actually steering a battle-ship through the jumping seas in the wake of a similar piece of marine property costing several millions of dollars and only four hundred yards distant. As for becoming sufficiently experienced in loading, aiming, and firing a modern breech-loading rifle of large caliber in a month's time to hit a distant target, that was too improbable to be thought practicable. Yet many civilians did these things in the course of the cruise, which terminated on Saturday, September 9.



A VOLUNTEER ON THE BRIDGE MEASURING THE DISTANCE OF THE PRECEDING BATTLE-SHIP IN THE COLUMN

What one pictures and what one actually experiences usually are different. That was true of the cruise in many respects. A great deal not included in the list of those things which one was expected to learn became parts of the fund of knowledge garnered in the course of the four weeks. At least that was the experience of the writer, who was one of the one hundred and eighty-four volunteers from New York and vicinity who were assigned to the U. S. S. Kentucky.

For instance, we learned within a few hours after going aboard, August 15, that, as one of the volunteers put it, there were no shade trees in that park. He might have added that there were no benches either. The muscles employed when standing received a great deal of exercise in the course of the cruise. The navy does not encourage the study of literature. Reading is not encouraged. The men who live on the ships of the navy are magnificent specimens of the *genus homo*, physically speaking, and the decks are white and polished. Part of the whitening and polishing is due to the shifting of recumbent forms seeking a more comfortable position, or a new shadow as a place of shelter. The value of a shadow was early appraised by the lawyers, stock brokers, musicians, teachers, journalists, physicians, students, mechanics, and others accustomed to indoor occupations who had taken advantage of the opportunity for a taste of life upon the rolling deep. The low-necked costume prescribed gave Old Sol every opportunity to demonstrate the effect of tropical light on the white man. Those who did not lose portions of their cuticle, and, for that matter, those who did, discovered what seemed to be the origin and reason for races with colored skins. It will be recalled easily by the members of the merry crew of the Kentucky that there was only one cloudy day in the course of the whole month.

Those interested in social and political economy had an opportunity to observe how a superimposed Socialism works. A battle-ship comes as near to being a moneyless civilized community as any which could be found. It is a good argument for government ownership and operation. He was a careless person who carried any money in his pockets; each had an equipment like that of every other. It was ample. Three times a day meals were placed upon the tables with-

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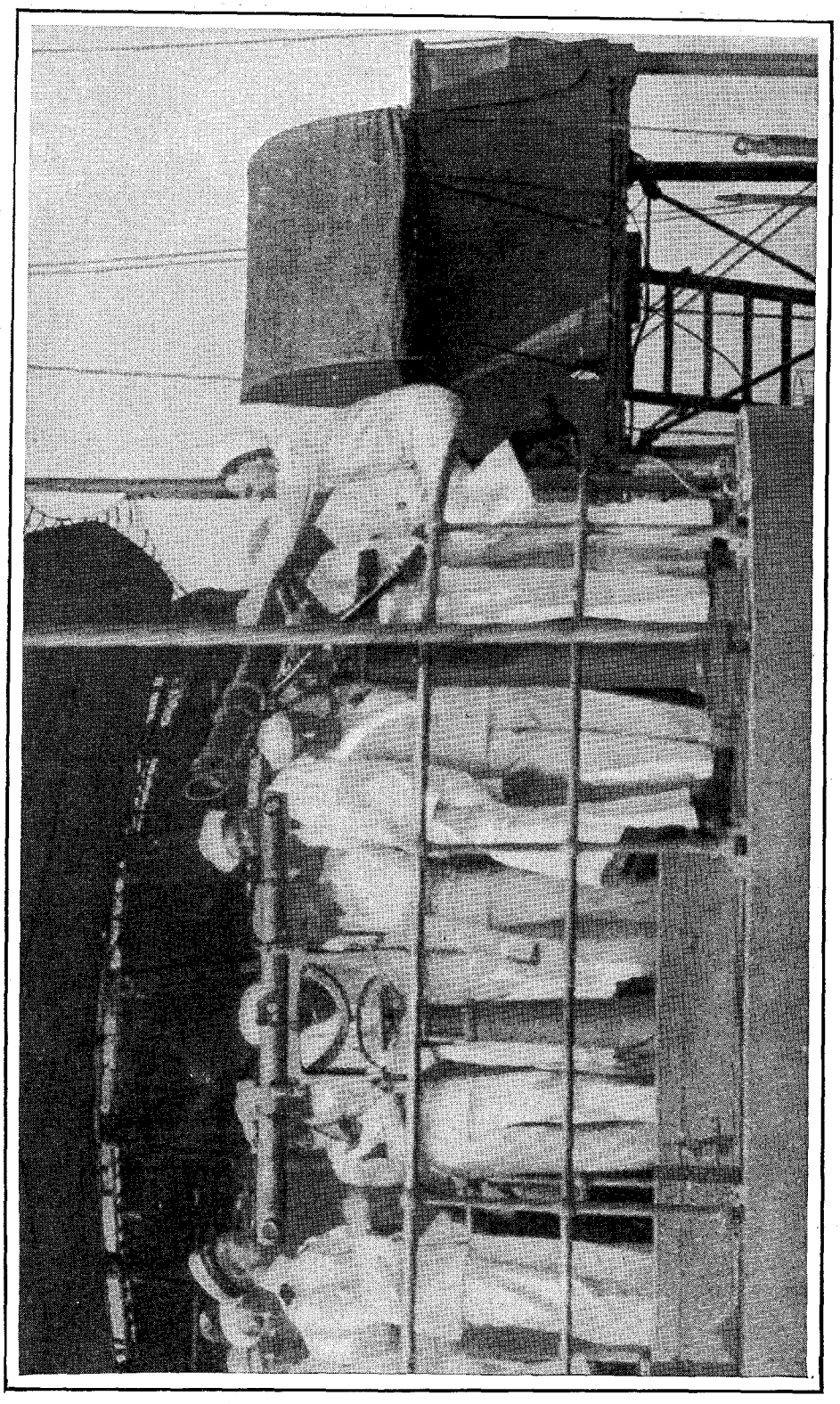

VOLUNTEERS USING THE RANGE-FINDER

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out the aid of the civilians. The canteen, where one could buy twenty-five-cent tooth-brushes for eighteen cents, and such stimulating drinks and foods as grape juice and ginger-snaps at prices that would have ruined a merchant on land, was the only place where one could spend money. Most of us, when we deposited with the paymaster the thirty dollars required to cover the expense of the cruise, also put into his keeping whatever other money we had with us.

When I was told that of my thirty dollars the sum of fourteen dollars had been set aside to pay for my meals for the twenty-eight days, and that the balance was intended to cover the cost of my outfit, I could hardly believe my ears. Recalling the cost of living on shore, I wondered what magician had waved his wand over the Kentucky. What kind of food would be served us? The answer must be that it was wholesome, well cooked, varied, and that there was plenty of it. We had meat at least twice a day. This included chicken, beef, veal, and pork in various forms. Besides, we had fish, potatoes, corn on the ear, tomatoes, blackberries, pineapples, apricots, oranges, bananas, watermelons, muskmelons, grapefruit, pound and fruit cake, jam, puddings, pies, and great quantities of tea and coffee. It may as well be stated, also, that toward the end of the cruise we learned something about beans. The absence of milk and sugar from the table was not, perhaps, so much felt as one would expect to be the case. Our coffee and tea were sweetened before being served. No friendly cow was stabled on board. The economies lay in the use of a minimum quantity of tableware, napery, and in service. As all the food, including fruit, had to be eaten from one plate, and the knives and forks were likely to be greasy, finger-bowls and napkins were greatly missed. It was a part of the game, however, and nearly every one accepted it in that spirit. Apparently there was little indigestion, although the meals were not always "balanced." Mince pie seemed to "set" just as satisfactorily as did chicken.

From his clothing allowance each man was able to purchase four entire suits, from the skin outward, a black silk neckerchief nearly a yard square, a pair of canvas leggings, two white hats, one pair of bathing-trunks, one scrubbing-brush, one watch-cap, two mattress covers, two suits of dungarees, a heavy galvanized deck bucket, and a hair mattress. In addition, many took advantage of the opportunity to buy twenty-five-cent socks at nine cents a pair, bath-towels at fifteen cents, shoes worth on shore between four and five dollars for three dollars, etc. The ship lent to each man a canvas hammock, a dunnage-bag, and a ditty-box. Most of these articles had to be procured as soon as we boarded the ship, for men in civilian clothing are not permitted upon deck except as visitors. One discovers very quickly how out of place a civilian in "shore clothes" is on a battle-ship. The fish out of water feels no more uncomfortable.

Advertising in its place is recognized as legitimate exploitation. The form of publicity which consists in having one's name stenciled in large letters across one's chest or the pit of the stomach, however, comes too near home. According to naval regulations, one must have his name in large letters stamped upon everything that he owns. One of the first tasks assigned to the volunteers after they had obtained their outfits was that of spreading each piece upon the deck and stenciling his name in paint on it. In such a circumscribed community as a battle-ship every precaution must be taken to remove temptation to become a thief.

That there are other advantages in being labeled in this fashion old banqueters can guess. Imagine how helpful it would be if male guests were required to have their names stenciled across the bosoms of their evening shirts. The labeling served a useful purpose in the case of some of the volunteers, for it enabled them to identify the numerous articles of clothing which found their way into the "lucky bag." The "lucky bag" is the receptacle into which all lost articles found by others than their owners are supposed to be put. The records of enlisted men whose clothing finds its way into this "lost and found" depository suffer. Leniency was displayed in the case of the volunteers, for they had not been trained so thoroughly in the ways of orderliness. It truly was a "lucky bag" for them.

The volunteers did not rate very high in comparison with the regular enlisted men in matters such as orderliness and cleanliness. They had no good-natured mothers and sisters or servants to take care of their clothing and bedding for them. The chief master-at-arms was called upon to make search for many missing articles in the early days of the cruise.

On the first evening aboard ship one young

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"STOOP FALLING," A FAVORITE EXERCISE WITH THE INSTRUCTORS, BUT NOT WITH THE VOLUNTEERS

man spread out on the top of a chest on the main deck several valuable toilet articles and a roll of bills amounting to $140. He then departed to some other section of the ship. The master-at-arms chanced to see him leave his property exposed in this careless fashion and determined to teach him a lesson. He gathered up the articles and the money. The following morning he returned them, with this injunction:

"You shouldn't be so careless. I know the members of the crew wouldn't take them without reporting them to me, but there are nearly two hundred of you fellows here. I don't know anything about you men. Don't leave anything around."

Altogether the master-at-arms restored more than two hundred dollars in money, in addition to much other property left lying around by civilians.

After we had got into our "whites" we made an interesting discovery. The navy is the one place in the world where a middle-aged man can forget his age. The sailor's uniform absolutely disguises age. All become youthful in appearance. Even gray hairs seem to disappear. All are boys again. Moreover, the uniform is the greatest democratizing institution on the globe. The grandson of the greatest of American financiers, the member of the New York Stock Exchange, and the mechanic looked alike, as, barefooted, with trousers rolled up to their knees, they swabbed down the decks before breakfast, or, with scrubbing-brush and soap in hand, bent over their soiled "whites" spread out on the wet deck. The only class line was that which personal habits and mental capacity established. I, for one, disliked the notion of breaking the spell by getting into civilian clothes again. The experience of living in a world where money made no visible distinction had been very enjoyable. Moreover, the civilian dress made one look so ordinary and out of place.

The atmosphere of the ship was that of a university. Age was forgotten. All had come to learn something. The life together was filled to overflowing with the type of jollity that characterizes undergraduate life. Everything had its amusing side. The first night aboard ship was a novel experience for many. Each hammock was slung by its owner on the hook or billet in the compartment where he messed. The tables and benches had been folded up and suspended in iron racks overhead. Only the breeches of the five-inch guns cumbered the deck. The guns looked like very quiet bedfellows. The hammocks are hung so close to the

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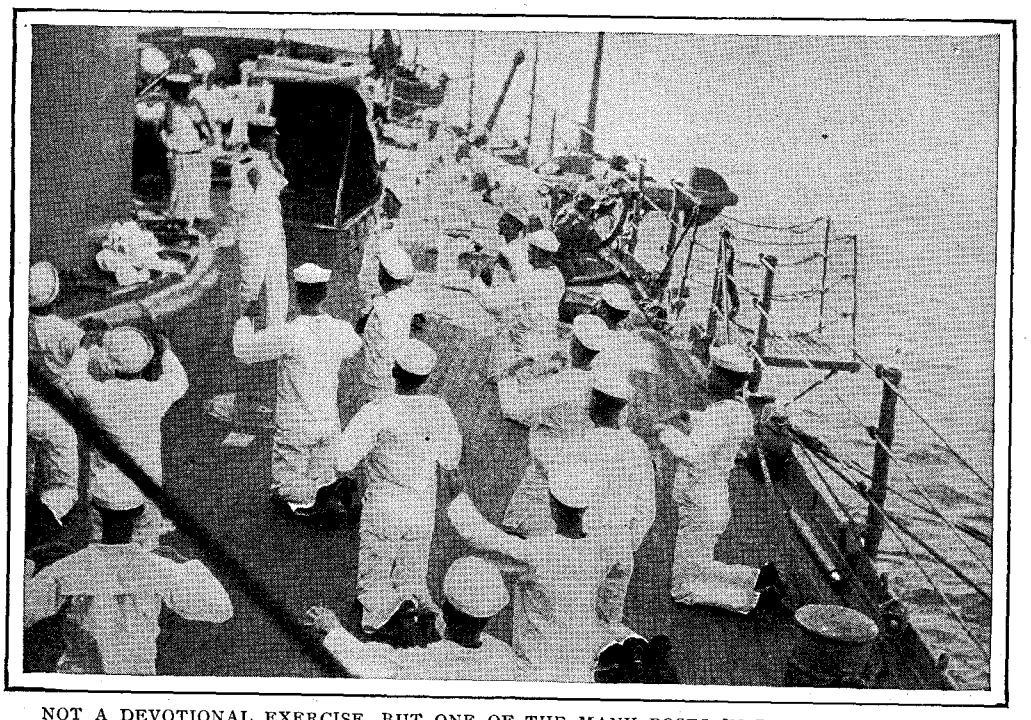

NOT A DEVOTIONAL EXERCISE, BUT ONE OF THE MANY POSES IN PHYSICAL TRAINING

underside of the deck above that it is necessary to lift one's self about five feet in order to get into them. The art of climbing into them is one of the things early learned. Two hundred men may be berthed in this way in a space perhaps fifteen feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet long.

It was a warm, "sticky" night, with little air stirring through the gun-ports, for the ship was tied up at a pier at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. The sleepy notes of "taps" sounded through the ship at 9:05 o'clock. The lights were turned off, but the eyes of the occupants of the cloud of hammocks which hid the under side of the superstructure deck did not close immediately.

"And this is Paris," came a voice from one dependent lobe of the canvas cloud.

"Ring the bell for ice-water," said another voice.

"If any one snores, he'll be shot," echoed from a point down the deck.

"Pipe down that chatter," shouted some one at the forward end of the deck, using his recently acquired nautical knowledge.

Profound quiet reigned.

At five o'clock the following morning a bugle sounded along the deck and a stentorian voice rang from one end to the other:

"Hea-a-ave OUT! La-a-ash UP!"

It is impossible to convey an impression of the coercive force of that order. It was followed by a stir in every quarter. In a few minutes the "whites" had been donned and the hammocks lashed up in the form of giant sausages and stowed away in the "nettings." By this time the cooks had shining copper kettles filled with steaming coffee hanging from the girders, and cups in readiness for the hungry mariners.

That morning, immediately after breakfast, we steamed down the East River and out to sea on the way to Fort Pond Bay. Just before unloosing from the pier we made our acquaintance with a ceremonial that reminded me in one respect of a Mohammedan responding to the call of a *muezzin*. At eight o'clock a bugle sounded. (All day long bugles were doing this in the most confusing sort of way. I never mastered the bugle calls.) A boatswain's mate, an angular, loose-jointed Irishman, directed the volunteers standing on the forecastle to "Face aft and salute."

"All right; colors up," he announced instantly. To me he seemed to be possessed of a remarkable eye. Somehow he had been able to pierce in an instant of time two bulkheads of six-inch steel and a number of intervening steel partitions and see the flag

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at the moment of reaching the head of the staff on the quarter-deck. Each morning and each evening, when at anchor, the raising and lowering of the colors was announced by bugle, we learned. Everybody, wherever he chanced to be, was supposed at the sound of "Colors" to face aft, come to "attention," and salute. We were performing the rites of our religion.

In the course of the day, as the Kentucky ambled along toward Montauk Point in her place in the column behind the New Jersey and Maine, the volunteers received instruction in "assembling," and were assigned to gun crews and watches. That very night we had our first experience of torpedo defense work, which consists of peering out from a darkened gun-port in the hope of discovering a torpedo-boat and hitting it before it can launch a torpedo.

That night a number of volunteers joined the few who had tasted, on the previous night, of the delights of sleeping on the open deck. In the early morning a heavy fog and the defective steering-gear of the Maine caused a little excitement. The Maine, known to be close by, had got lost in the fog. The whistle of a boatswain's mate shrilled along the dusky deck. It was followed by the call for a "gunner's mate."

The "gunner's mate" was executed in imagination by the volunteers thus rudely awakened. One of the civilians, in his ignorance, had attached an end of his hammock to a six-pounder on the forward part of the superstructure. As the boatswain's mate came running along the deck to the gun, the white-faced volunteer shouted:

"You going to fire this gun?"

"Yes."

"Wait until I get out."

The day's routine included watches in the engine and fire rooms, on the bridge with the steersman, with the lookouts and signalmen; setting-up exercises; drill with the five-inch guns; instruction in the manual of arms; visits to various parts of the ship; lectures on preparedness, strategy, gunnery, navigation, first aid to the injured, etc.; and practice in rowing and sailing boats. This work was performed between the hours of 9:15 A.M. and 4 P.M., with a recess of two hours at noon. The scrubbing of decks and the scrubbing of clothes were the duties of the early morning and late afternoon hours. When conditions permitted, there was swimming also. In the evening there were torpedo defense or searchlight drills, or, if at anchor, moving pictures on the quarter-deck. When at sea, we were usually piped to our hammocks at eight o'clock.

Civilians were detailed to keep the watches

SCRUBBING CLOTHES, A DAILY TASK OF THE VOLUNTEER, NOT RELISHED, BUT NECESSARY

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with the "regulars." This usually meant short hours of sleep, for, although those who kept the night watches were permitted to "sleep in" until seven o'clock, one cannot sleep very well with a meat-cleaver banging on a butcher's block only a few feet away and the cooks busily engaged in preparing breakfast in the neighboring galleys. There was some consolation, however, in the language of the call at five o'clock for the men who had been in their hammocks all night long. It was, "Call up all the idlers."

There were bound to be amusing mistakes made by the civilians on watch. The volunteer in the lookout who cried out in the customary formula, "Light, ho," and in response to the call from the bridge of "Whereaway?" shouted, "Faraway, sir," will not soon forget his error. Perhaps his was no worse a mistake than that of the volunteer at the same post who reported the rising of the dog star in the same language, believing it to be the light of a passing vessel.

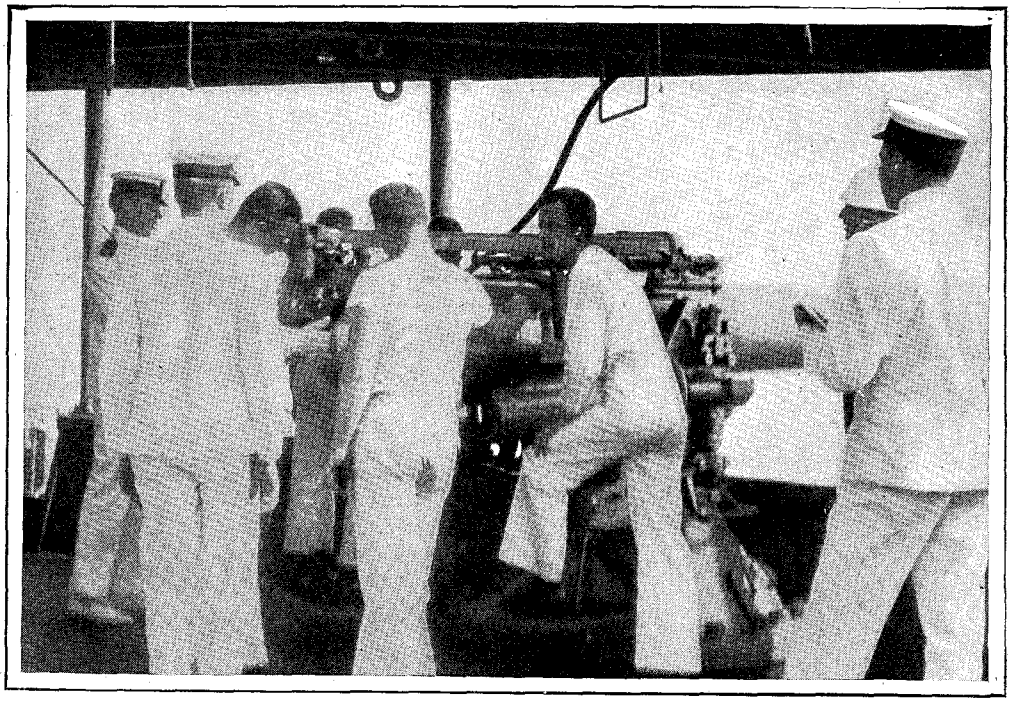
Another civilian stationed at the port engine telegraph responded to the order, "Standard speed," as he pushed the handle over and back, "Port engine, starboard speed, sir."

Lights along the horizon are not easy of detection. This was illustrated the night before the reserve fleet met the invading fleet in connection with the war maneuvers.

The Red, or attacking, Fleet included the Atlantic Fleet of up-to-date battle-ships, and, theoretically, was composed of five superdreadnoughts, four battle-cruisers, six battleships of the pre-dreadnought type, six torpedo-boat destroyers, twenty transports carrying 40,000 troops, and ten colliers. The Blue, or defending, force, which included our own fleet of thirteen of the older battle-ships, and a number of torpedo-boat destroyers and submarines, was supposed to consist of three superdreadnoughts, nine battle-ships of the pre-dreadnought type, eight cruisers, eighteen torpedo-boat destroyers, with a flagship, and fifteen submarines with tenders.

The task of the Blue Fleet was to defend the coast and prevent the landing of troops north of Cape Hatteras, locate the enemy, by destroyer or submarine attacks weaken the Red Fleet until its gun-power was equal to or less than that of the Blue, to station submarines at probable points of attack, and to attack the enemy train consisting of the transports, colliers, etc., should conditions permit.

On Tuesday afternoon, August 22, we steamed out of Block Island Sound. That morning we had received news through a



VOLUNTEER GUN CREW LOADING A FIVE-INCH GUN. THE SHOT WHICH FOLLOWED WAS A HIT

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scout destroyer that the enemy train had been sighted in latitude 37.58 north, longitude 67.26 west, and that it was steering approximately for Block Island. The scouting torpedo-boat destroyers and cruisers had immediately put to sea several hours in advance of our own departure. They radiated to the southeastward like the spokes of a wheel, forming a fan-shaped cloud of scouts. We steered southward for a hundred miles to a point from which we could easily run toward the mouth of the Chesapeake, the Delaware Capes, the entrance to New York Harbor, or Long Island Sound, or Boston.

For two days we cruised in a circle awaiting news and without wireless communication with the shore, for our instruments had been given a special pitch in order to convey no information to the enemy. Early Friday morning, August 25, our fleet of thirteen battle-ships was ordered to steer southwest toward the Delaware Capes. It was rumored that the enemy's train was on the way to the Delaware, and that we were trying to intercept it. We continued on this course all day.

Early in the evening a large number of the volunteers assembled on the forecastle to chat and look at the sunset. Suddenly some one said he saw numerous lights in a row on the port bow, broad abaft. Had they been on the starboard bow we might have concluded that we were within sight of Atlantic City, taking the descriptions of some of the volunteers as a basis for the conclusion. It was immediately assumed that we had sighted the enemy. Quickly all the lights on the fleet, even the running lights, were extinguished. Our commander came on the bridge. The gun-ports were closed in order that no light should pass out from the interior of the vessel. Signals were transmitted by means of lights flashing through long tubes which could be turned toward the ship ahead or astern, without being seen by an enemy.

I was on watch on the steering bridge from eight to ten o'clock, and could see clearly in every direction. Our fleet appeared to be steering in a circle. The air was electric with excitement. The flapping of canvas on the nettings in the skeleton mast and the ghost-like figures walking about the darkened decks in their white suits intensified the sense of impending activity. No one wished to retire.

At ten o'clock I was relieved, and, descending to the superstructure, lay down on the top of a chest under the bridge. Without intention, I fell asleep. Shortly before eleven Evans, our section leader, awoke me and said that the battle was on. I jumped to my feet and looked over the starboard side. Not far off lay the black hulk of a battle-ship, not a light showing. What vessel it was we could not tell. It made no response to our signals. In imagination, at least, I could see a host of destroyers popping out of the darkness. They seemed to be coming from every direction. A rumor ran around that they had theoretically sunk the Maine. Occasionally a green rocket would shoot into the sky from one of our vessels, indicating that something thought to be an enemy vessel had been seen and fired upon. There were no responding red rockets to indicate that an enemy ship had acknowledged destruction, which would have been the case had there been enemy torpedo-boats in the neighborhood. The lethargic hulk on the starboard side proved to be the unwieldy Maine, which had once more got out of her place in the column. It was finally decided also that we had seen no torpedo-boats. We had had some excitement, however, if nothing else. Even professional eyes had been deceived. Then we swung northward toward Long Island, paralleling the New Jersey coast.

The following morning, as we were about to go to quarters, the bugle rang out the order to go to general quarters. This meant, "Man the guns." We ran to our posts and, peering out of the gun-ports, saw, through the haze, not two miles distant, the enemy's main battle-ship fleet in column formation. They had discovered us first and were blazing away at a lively rate. Unaware of the fact that, theoretically speaking, six of our leading ships, including the Rhode Island, Rear-Admiral Helm's flagship, had been sunk, we closed in in column formation, paralleling the enemy's line. However, as our whole fleet was as good as sunk, it was decided by the umpire that the enemy had secured command of the sea.

We learned later that early that morning one of our scout destroyers had warned us that we might expect to meet the enemy on our port bow if we continued on our course. We immediately swung around to a new course, which would bring them on our starboard bow, and intercept them before effecting a landing. We were sailing in line, which means abreast. Suddenly, out through the haze, we caught sight of the Red Fleet steaming along in column, and popping at our

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ships. Our vessels swung to port with the object of getting in column formation abreast the Red column. This was fatal, for the Red Fleet concentrated its fire upon the vessels, one by one, as each approached the "knuckle" formed in changing position. Beginning with the flagship, they were picked off in order, theoretically, of course. We never had a chance.

The company on the Kentucky voted the cruise a success. We gained an intelligent idea of the needs of the navy. We learned something about the value of co-operation and personal discipline as a part of the programme of preparedness. The cruise was an argument for universal military training, for it revealed how inefficient Americans are in some respects. It is to be regretted that there were a few civilians in our company who could learn something to their advantage from the "regulars" respecting the rights of others. Most of the volunteers learned enough about the operation of a battle-ship to enable them to select a special field for their activities should they go on another cruise next year.

Just before we disembarked at the foot of West Ninety-sixth Street, North River, on Saturday morning, September 9, an incident occurred which epitomized the results of the month's cruise. The President's yacht, the Mayflower, lay at anchor a short distance south of the place of our own anchorage. As we passed, the band on her deck began to play "The Star-Spangled Banner." Instantly every civilian volunteer, whether in uniform or not, came to "attention," and, facing the beautiful vessel, from whose deck the strains of the National air were floating, removed his hat. It was a spontaneous act of homage.

"I am proud of you," remarked the lieutenant who had been our division commander throughout the cruise. "That is one of the most important things you could have learned from this cruise."

The flag had come to have a deeper significance for us. We had been saluting it daily. We had learned that around it revolved every activity on board a war-vessel. From the lowest to the highest, each man was being trained in the performance of some task which would fit him to defend it. We had learned that there was no man on board who was not responsible to some one else above him, the last in the chain being the Commander-in-Chief, the President of the United States, himself responsible to the people for the protection of that emblem. Something had got "into the backbone," to use the language of Captain Sims in his lecture to the volunteers at Fort Pond Bay. We had become inoculated with the germ of preparedness. It had germinated within us. The cruise had been a success.

NOT A VOLUNTEER, BUT A REAL BOATSWAIN'S MATE WHO MADE THE DECKS AND THE VOLUNTEERS TREMBLE WHEN HE CALLED FOR A GUNNER'S MATE

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THE MUSIC OF DEBUSSY

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

NO peculiarity of contemporary musical taste is more striking than the extraordinary popularity which the elusive songs and piano pieces of Debussy have enjoyed during the last decade or two. They have been heard, with a delight agreeably mixed with bewilderment, in the drawing-rooms of the whole world, just as Grieg's were at a slightly earlier period; and, like Grieg, their author has become the idol of the amateur. There is no doubt of it, Debussy has been the prime musical fad of the twentieth century. The fact is interesting—worth examination. The reasons of it throw a strong light not only on Debussy himself, but—which is more important—on our whole contemporary musical life.

Claude Achille Debussy, born in 1862 at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, and educated at the Conservatoire, first gained wide fame by his opera, "Pelléas et Mélisande," produced at the Opéra Comique in 1902. By its imaginative re-creation in music of Maeterlinck's fatalism and atmosphere of mystery, by its dramatic directness, its justice of declamation, its moderation and avoidance of Wagnerian exaggeration, perhaps above all by the originality of its harmonic style and its delicately tinted orchestration, it undoubtedly marked an epoch in French music. Debussy had at this time already fixed the fundamental qualities of his style in such compositions as the quartet for strings (1893), more virile than his later works, and the well-known orchestral prelude after a prose poem by Mallarmé, arch-priest of the symbolistic movement, "L'Après-midi d'un faune." In later orchestral pieces, the Nocturnes for orchestra (1899), the symphonic sketches "La Mer" (1905), the highly colored "Iberia" (1907), as well as in choral works like the "Martyre de Saint Sébastien" (1911), we see him refining the same manner, seeking always, like his compatriot the poet Verlaine, the subtleties, the delicacies, the shades and half-shades, *la nuance, la nuance toujours*. It is, however, through his smaller works—his songs and especially his piano pieces—that Debussy is best known to the mass of his admirers; and as the same qualities reveal themselves here too, it is in these that we shall try to understand them. In the "Estampes" (1903), the "Masques" (1904), the "Images" (1905 and 1908), the "Préludes" (1910 and 1913), and many lesser pieces he has created what is virtually a department of his own in the literature of the piano. Here is the essential Debussy.

The adaptation between the art and the audience here, as is always the case where there is extreme popularity, is so perfect that we can equally well begin our study from either end. Let us start with the audience. Not that Debussy consciously sought to "give the public what it wants;" no artist worthy the name does that. What is meant is simply that his qualities were spontaneously such as exactly to satisfy his audience's requirements; or, in biological terms, the organism was fortunate enough to be exactly suited to its environment, peculiarly "fit to survive." As investigating biologists we can therefore either approach the environment through the organism or the organism through the environment—and we choose to do the latter.

The environment of the modern composer is a public numerically larger than ever before, and qualitatively affected by this increased size according to the law of averages—degraded, that is, from the qualities of the minority toward those of the majority. In less abstract terms, the modern audience contains to every one intelligent listener ten or a hundred who are ignorant, untrained, or inattentive. The results of this disproportion are familiar to us on all sides; they range from such a general matter as the very conception of art, and especially of music, as a mere amusement or diversion rather than a spiritual experience, down to such details as the preference, natural to the untrained, of sensuous pleasure (in rich tone-combinations, for example) to emotion and thought (as embodied musically in melody), and of a vague day-dreaming mood when listening to music to the imaginative and sympathetic attention that music requires of him who would really grasp its objective beauty.

Now it is in his appeal to this modern preference of sensation to thought and emotion, and of subjective day-dreaming to the impersonal perception of beauty, that Debussy has been especially happy. He is not, of course, alone in making these appeals. The preoccupation with the sensuous is observable in most contemporary music, an especially striking instance being Strauss's orches-

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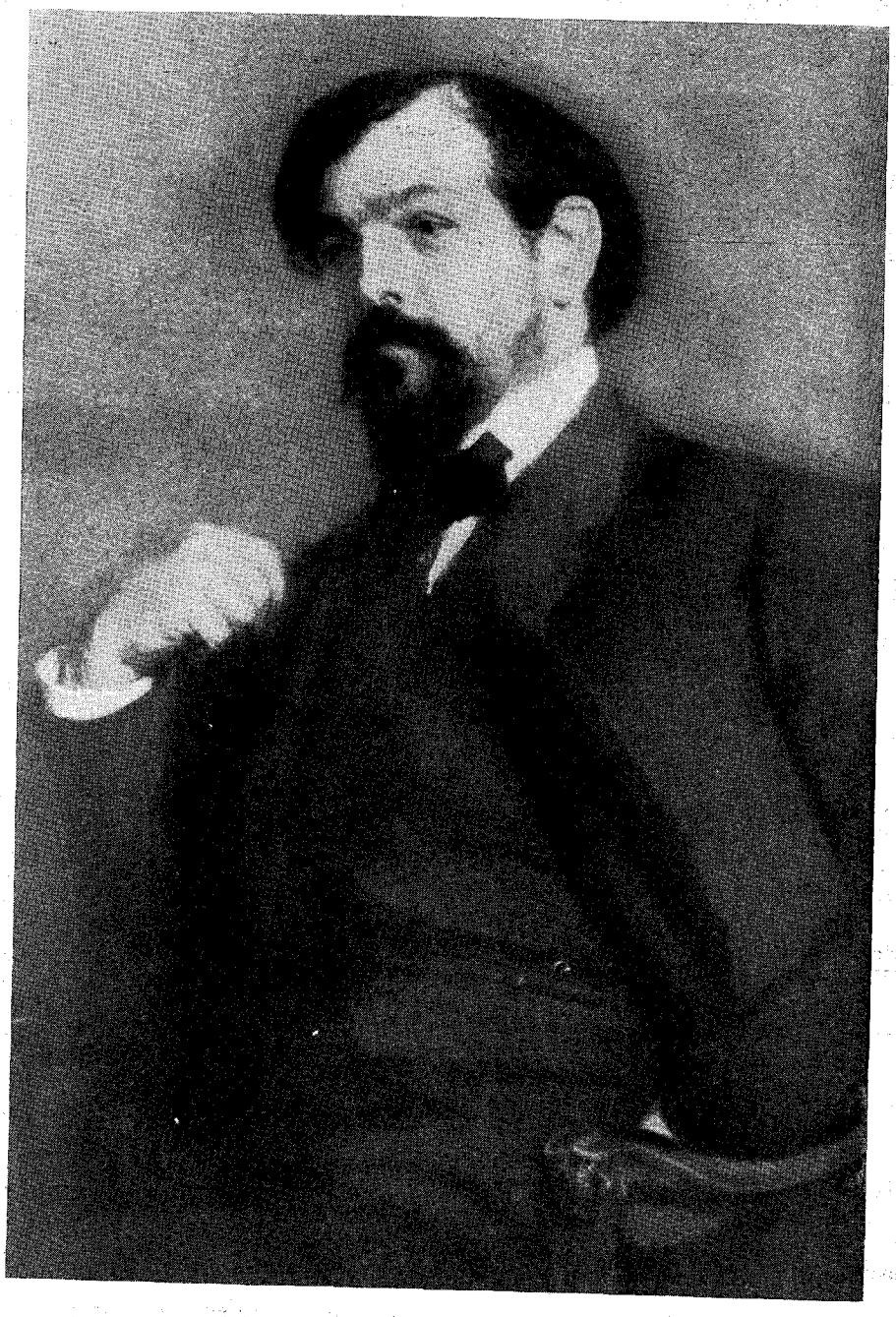

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY

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tration. As for the ministering to "mood" rather than to the sense of beauty, the whole tendency toward "programme," so characteristic of our time, might be accounted for by a cynic as a sacrifice to the majority of something they do not understand (music) to something they do (an opportunity for day-dreaming). But Debussy is peculiarly thoroughgoing in his application of these familiar modern methods. All the elements of his art are focused upon this kind of satisfaction.

First he gives us a title admirably fitted (for he has keen literary instinct) to liberate our reverizing impulse—"Gardens in the Rain," "Reflections in the Water," "Sounds and Perfumes Turn in the Evening Air," "Gold-Fish," "Veils." Then he proceeds to establish the mood of idle reverie thus suggested by means of a tonal web which at no point distracts our attention by any definite features of its own, melodic, rhythmic, harmonic, or structural. All is vague, floating, kaleidoscopic. Sustained melody is especially avoided, for nothing arrests attention or dominates mood like melody; we have therefore only bits and snippets of tune, forming and disappearing like cloud forms or the eddies in smoke-wreaths. The rhythms are equally casual and indeterminate, often of exquisite grace, but obeying no law. The harmonies are surprisingly various—rich, clear, or clangorous, as the case may be; but always elusive, avoiding the definition that would impose thought rather than encourage fancy. The effect of vagueness is here enhanced by the much-talked-of whole-tone scale. As there is little musical thought or emotion (melody), there is still less of that natural growth and combination of thought with thought which we call thematic development and polyphony. These are alien to the type of art, and are wisely avoided.

It is curious to compare Debussy's treatment of his programmes with that of Strauss. The imagination of the German, however he may call literary or pictorial associations to his aid, is primarily musical. A literary idea may suggest to him a theme, as Till Eulenspiegel's capricious mischief strikes from him that surprising Till motive, with its queer jumps and galvanic rhythms. But once such a theme exists it begins to act, musically, of itself, and develops such a network of musically interesting relationships that the listener, fascinated, clean forgets the programme in his purely æsthetic delight. Strauss, probably, forgets it too. He does for us, in spite of his programmes, exactly the kind of thing that Mozart, Beethoven, and Schumann do; he creates intrinsically significant and expressive musical forms (melodies) capable of absorbing our attention and transfiguring all they touch—even a rogue like Till Eulenspiegel—with their æsthetic magic. The Frenchman's imagination, on the contrary, is primarily literary, dramatic, pictorial. He is led by it, not to the creation of musically significant forms, but to a keenly sympathetic realization of the mood suggested by the programme, and to a most subtle musical evocation of it by appropriate means, chiefly sensuous. He is thus, literally, a painter of "mood pictures." And as most people do not care to make the effort to follow and relive a musical experience, but prefer to be lulled by agreeable sounds into a trance in which their fancy may weave adventures and project pictures for itself, his audience is delighted. From this point of view symbolism is the type of art which most appeals to the inartistic, and Debussy is the musician most beloved by the unmusical.

We should not be talking about Debussy, however, if these negatives were all there were to say about him. Thousands of composers before him have succeeded in avoiding definite melody, rhythm, and harmony, coherent thematic development, and thoughtful polyphony, and have won only oblivion. His not distracting our attention by these musical elements is a part of his scheme of art, but the more important part of it is the sensuous charm by which he wins our interest and inhibits our mental and emotional activity—the sheer tonal magic of his sonorities. He is a miracle of deftness in the purveying of musical sweets. This is admitted even by his detractors, who cannot deny the seductiveness with which his music woos the physical ear, however little it appeals to their heads or their hearts. As for his admirers, they become rhapsodic over these "effects" and "sonorities," which they praise with a half-religious awe that used to be reserved for ideas. Listen, for instance, to M. Chennevière,[1] an accredited expositor: "Voluptuous, corporeal, naturalistic—such is the Debussyan art. The passions, the sentiments, leave him often indifferent." And again: "The modern ear has become very fine, very delicate. It delights in sonorities. A beautiful chord is a rare intoxication, and

[1] "Claude Debussy et son œuvre," by Daniel Chennevière, Paris, 1913.

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sometimes an author repeats it lingeringly, the better to savor it." If we adopt, at least tentatively, this frankly sensuous and hedonistic view of music, we shall find much to admire in Debussy.

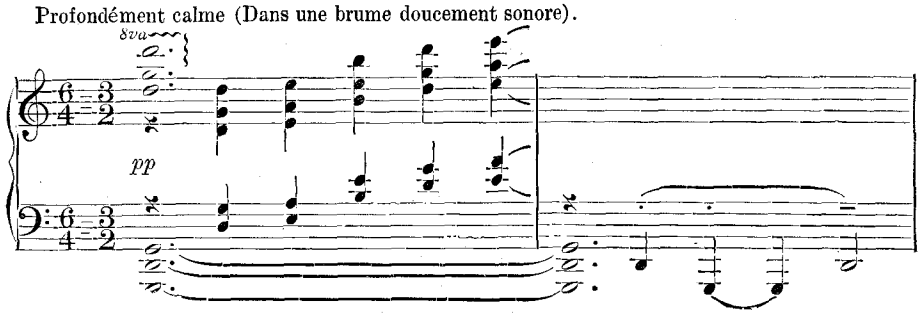
In the long evolution from the simple to the complex which music shares with everything else we know we may observe two different methods of tone-combination which, working together, have given us the elaborate texture of the modern art. That especially suited to melodic instruments, like those used in the orchestra or the chorus, puts melodies together as an engraver puts together lines, each remaining distinct, standing off clearly from the others, representing a different musical thought, and yet all agreeing, or, as we say, harmonizing. This method, called polyphony, requiring great skill in the composer and close attention from the audience, is illustrated by such masterpieces as a fugue of Bach, a string quartette of Beethoven, or the famous passage at the end of Wagner's Meistersinger Overture, where four themes are driven abreast as in some proud chariot. It results in a texture essentially composite, involving relations between elements held in mind together—that is to say, it is thoughtful, and requires answering thought for its appreciation.

But as soon as the piano, ill suited to melody because of its unsustained tone, began to reach any degree of development—that is to say, about the time of Schumann (1810–1856) and Chopin (1809–1849)—it became evident that this instrument compensated for its shortcomings in rendering polyphony by a special aptitude for another kind of tone-combination, which we may call the homophonic or chordal. A great many tones could be played at once, held either by the fingers or by the damper-pedal, and made to shimmer with those thousand hues of the tonal rainbow we call "overtones." There was apparently no limit to the complexity of the agglomerations of tone that the ear could thus be trained not only to accept but to delight in—the rule being, as Chopin in his "fluid and vaporous sonorities" showed, that the greater in number and the more dissonant or clashing in character were these color tones, the more agreeably rich would be the resulting impression on the ear. But however complex these tone associations or chords, it is important to note that this resultant psychological impression was simple and unified—that is, the ear perceived but one thing, and not several as in the polyphonic style. There was therefore no comparison of different elements, no thought or emotion; there was simply sensation, physically delightful, mentally and emotionally meaningless.

Debussy has probably brought more talent and originality to the elaboration of this method of writing for the piano than any other composer since Chopin and Schumann. Open his pages anywhere and you will find these wide-spaced chords, these gossamer arpeggios and scales embroidering them, these nicely calculated grace-notes adding just the dissonance needed to season the dish. Take, for instance, the opening measures of "La Cathédrale engloutie" (Fig. I), characteristically marked "Profoundly calm (in a softly sonorous mist)."

FIGURE I.

From "La Cathédrale engloutie." (Préludes, Book I.)



(The incompleted ties indicate that the chord is to be kept sounding by the pedal)

The intention to produce a misty, not to say foggy, homogeneity of tone here is so obvious that it seems strange that just such passages have aroused the ire of pedants who have tried to apply to them the rules of the other way of writing—the polyphonic. When we wish diverse melodies to stand out clearly one from another, we must avoid "parallel fifths and octaves" which make them coalesce. Accordingly, Debussy has been blamed, by those who prefer rules to

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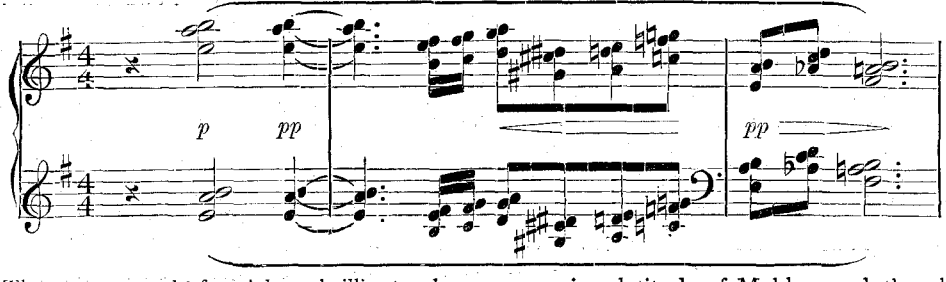
reason, for using precisely the device which will give him the physical richness with mental vacuity which he is seeking.

When this admirable colorist wishes a brighter or more incisive sonority than one of this kind, he resorts to dissonances, and especially to the interval of the "second"—notes adjacent in the scale. The opening measures of "Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut" (Fig. II) afford an example of this in a quiet tone; more clangorous qualities of it will be found in "Masques," "L'île joyeuse," and "Jardins sous la pluie." The first example illustrates what was said of the simplicity for the mind, whatever the complexity for the ear, of this kind of tone-combination. The chords contain a good many notes each; but there emerges only one melody, and that rather obvious.

FIGURE II.

From "Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut."

Lent, doux et sans rigueur. (Images, Second Series.)

The same search for rich or brilliant color that led to this use of "seconds," carried a little further, brought the composer to that whole-tone scale (or scale entirely made up of "seconds," as C, D, E, F sharp, G sharp, A sharp, C) which he has used with such irresistible appeal. He has, to be sure, no patent right in it. Moussorgsky, Borodine, and others had used it before him; his French contemporaries have used it with skill; and now that it is common property some have even elicited from it strains of plangent force and manly energy foreign to Debussy's temperament. The fact remains that he has made it peculiarly his own by the subtlety, variety, and charm of his employment of it, as may be seen, for example, throughout "Voiles," in the first book of Préludes, and in scattered measures in almost any of his pieces. The whole-tone scale is indeed preordained by nature as a goal to which such an art as Debussy's inevitably tends; its clashing tones feed the greedy ear with the richest diet the gamut can provide; at the same time the equivocal character of the chords, or rather the single chord (the so-called "augmented triad") that can harmonize it, and the self-contradictoriness of its tones from the point of view of the older scale, do away with the sense of key and even of momentary repose, and leave us groping in a tonal night in which, since there is nothing to be observed, we can give ourselves up undisturbed to dreaming.

Debussy is thus a true child of his time in his quest of the sensuous, and a true child of his country in the subtlety with which he pursues it. His Gallic taste saves him from the coarseness of so much of the contemporary Teutonic art; and while his aim is no more spiritual than that of the Germans, he prefers innuendo, implication, and understatement to the gross exaggeration of Strauss, the vehemence in platitude of Mahler, and the plodding literalness of Reger. Thus opposing, as he has so effectively done, the ideal of mere force, reducing in "Pelléas" the mammoth modern orchestra to a handful of men skillfully exploited, substituting the most elusive sonorities of the piano for the crashing magnificence of the Liszt school, everywhere insisting on subtle quality rather than overwhelming quantity, he has exercised one of the most beneficial of influences against vulgarity of the bumptious type. But sybaritism, too, has its own vulgarity; the question of aim is fundamental in art; and in judging the distinction of Debussy's aims we cannot evade the question whether physical pleasure, however refined, is the highest good an artist can seek. His charm, beyond doubt, is great enough to justify his popularity. Yet it would be regrettable if the student of modern French music, satisfied with this charm, were to neglect the less popular but more virile, more profound, and more spiritual music of César Franck, Ernest Chausson, and Vincent d'Indy.

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RAIDING ENGLAND FROM THE SKY

A ZEPPELIN'S CAPTAIN INTERVIEWED AND A RAID DESCRIBED BY AN AMERICAN EYE-WITNESS

BY WILLIAM COOPER STEVENSON

The writer of this article was in France when the war broke out. After helping in the French Red Cross for several months, he went to England to resume his studies at Oxford. Later he engaged in relief work in Belgium, where during the summer of 1915 he was one of the two American delegates for the Province of Namur and a section of occupied northern France. In the fall of 1915 he went to England, arriving in time to experience the Zeppelin raid of October 13.—THE EDITORS.

"WOULD you care to go to England with us on our next trip?" asked the lieutenant in command of Zeppelin "LZ 74," with mock seriousness.

"Well, of course it might be one way for me to return to Oxford," I replied in the same vein. "And what a reception I *would* receive if you dropped me there, or in hospitable Kent or Hertfordshire."

But to detail the circumstances leading up to the lieutenant's polite invitation:

One afternoon in August, 1915, I was seated in the café of the Hôtel de Flandre, just opposite the station at Namur, with Captain Schroeder, of the German marines, an old Oxford man who had spent much of his life in England. We were watching the change of guards at the station and discussing the new Zeppelin which had arrived at Namur that morning.

The captain had just ordered another long summer's bock, and jeered, as was his wont, at my innocuous grenadine, when the street door swung back to admit a long and lean officer of the Uhlan type.

The newcomer stood for a moment, hand at salute, to make his bows to the separate groups in the café, and then came forward, disclosing the uniform and insignia of a naval *Oberlieutenant.*

Schroeder immediately performed the rites which greet an arriving officer—the sudden risings and formal bowings; but as soon as these had been gone through with he rushed over and welcomed the newcomer quite unceremoniously. Then, bringing him to our table, he introduced him as an old comrade of Oxford days and the commander of the new Zeppelin whose appearance we had just been discussing. The two friends had not seen each other since the year before the war.

Experience has taught me that when two German officers who have ever been in England meet, their reminiscences soon turn to that country—its tailors, bootmakers, dinners at the Carlton, hunting with the "Bicesters" and "Heythorps," and all the other things which give old Albion such a hold on its—lovers, I almost said. And these two were no exception to the rule; it was not long before they were both lamenting the horrors of war as integrated for them in the failure of supplies of Ora's Oxford cigarettes.

Right then I played a trump card: I produced a cigarette of the brand under discussion. The lieutenant pounced upon it, and when I explained that I had actually come over to Belgium from England just three months before, he was delighted. Immediately the questions began: How did the English like the war now? Did I know such and such a don at Oxford? and, in particular, What about the prison camps there?

When I had satisfied his curiosity as best I could, we talked for some time about a friend of both Schroeder and the lieutenant—Herr Froitzheim, the tennis player, whom I had seen a prisoner at Bray, near Maidenhead. And this naturally turned the conversation towards the sad death of Wilding, which the two Germans regretted sincerely.

"But what brings you here, friend Franz?" said Schroeder, abruptly changing the subject. "When last heard of, you were at Friedrichshaven flying around the lake."

"So I was," explained the lieutenant. "Then I was given 'LZ 74' and ordered to bring her to Namur. We came over last night. She is one of the new ones. Did you notice how prettily she worked this morning as we passed over the city?"

He waxed most enthusiastic, mixing in loving technical detail like a proud yachtsman or a Kiplingesque destroyer commander.

I was reminded of old "37" and some of the other Zepps I used to hear roaring and

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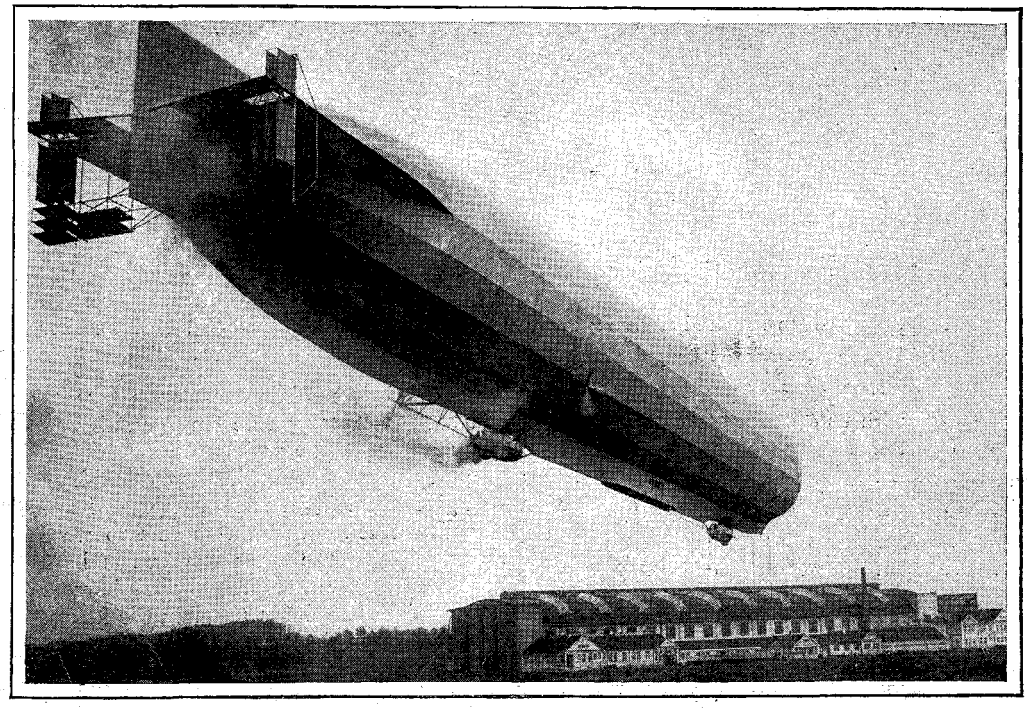

A ZEPPELIN PREPARING FOR FLIGHT AND "A Zeppelin evidently mistook Hertford for Ware, which has some important

spluttering over Brussels, and readily agreed that his new "LZ 74" was much quieter, though it did not seem quite as large.

"As a matter of fact, it is considerably larger," replied the lieutenant, and added, reflectively: "So you knew old '37,' the Zeppelin Warneford brought down near Ghent the 7th of June."

Strangely enough, the last time I had seen it was just a few hours before its destruction. I happened to be spending that Sunday evening at a château which was located near one of the Zeppelin sheds in the outskirts of Brussels. In the middle of dinner on the terrace we saw the craft back slowly out of its hangar and turn ponderously in our direction. Presently, flying slowly and so low that it seemed almost in danger of touching the tree-tops, it passed directly over the garden. We could see the faces of the crew through the windows of its cabin; one of them waved a hand to us.

This cabin, which ran the whole length of the ship like a long Pullman car, connected the two small engine-rooms, or gondolas, suspended beneath, one near each end. From these were extended four propellers, two on each side, mounted on outriggers which could be turned at any angle; "37" in large figures and a huge Iron Cross were painted on the bottom of the balloonets case. And a splendid black and white German naval ensign floated out lazily behind.

As I think of the tremendous impression of power and stability which the monster gave me, it seems incredible that only a few hours later it could have come tumbling down to earth a mass of crumpled wreckage.

This was Warneford's feat; but all my efforts to draw out the lieutenant about it were unsuccessful, and he quickly shifted to his favorite subject, England, by delivering the polite invitation, which I have already quoted, to accompany him on his next trip to that country. This invitation, while not offering very attractive prospects, at least gave me the opportunity to ask a question which had long been bothering me.

"But why go to England at all?" I demanded. "You accomplish nothing of military value in any way commensurable with the damage you do your cause in the eyes of the neutral nations."

The lieutenant seemed surprised at this.

"But we do, you know," he exclaimed; "or, rather, you don't know, as the English Censor will allow nothing to be printed. We do a great deal of military damage. But, in

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ONE OF THE ENGLISH VILLAGES ATTACKED

military stores." The picture shows a street in one of the suburbs of Hertford

any case, you know surely that our raids are only reprisals. We have never made a raid upon England that was not a reprisal for a raid of the Allied aeroplanes upon our open towns.

"But you have not heard what the Allies do, perhaps," he went on, "or perhaps when they do anything you read that they have bombed a garrison town. I myself in the London 'Times' have seen places in Germany described as garrison towns which hardly contain a single soldier."

I did not discuss with the lieutenant the extent of the military damage done by the Zeppelins in England, but I did ask him to explain a bit more about the reprisals.

He reiterated emphatically that there had never been a Zeppelin raid upon England before the Allies bombed a German open town. He mentioned a long list of names. Among them I noted Karlsruhe and Trèves particularly, for I had heard of these before; the Allies admit having raided the former, and some of my American friends of the relief work were in the latter when it was bombed. They had to take refuge in the cellar of their hotel; a number of civilians were killed.

"But, if our raids were not reprisals, we could do terrific damage to London," the lieutenant continued. "You know, our Zeppelins go there almost at will. Well, think what they could do if, instead of in twos and threes, they should go in large numbers accompanied by a fleet of new-type war-planes which mount two guns and carry four men apiece! Think what would happen if they should all discharge highest-power explosive and poison gas bombs on the city!

"But the Kaiser will not hear of that," he said, shaking his head. "We Zeppelin officers have sent several requests to him to let us do it; but always he refuses.

"And it was long before he would let us go at all."

As a matter of fact, I believe that there was more truth than fiction in the lieutenant's statement, for at that time Zeppelins did roam almost at will over the London areas. The situation was well described by Professor R. W. Lanchester, M. Inst. C.E., M. Inst. A.E., that well-known English authority on aerial matters. Speaking of London's vulnerability, he wrote:

When the weather conditions are favorable to attack, also in the case of an attack by night, there is no means of defense at present known to me which would prevent the enemy from

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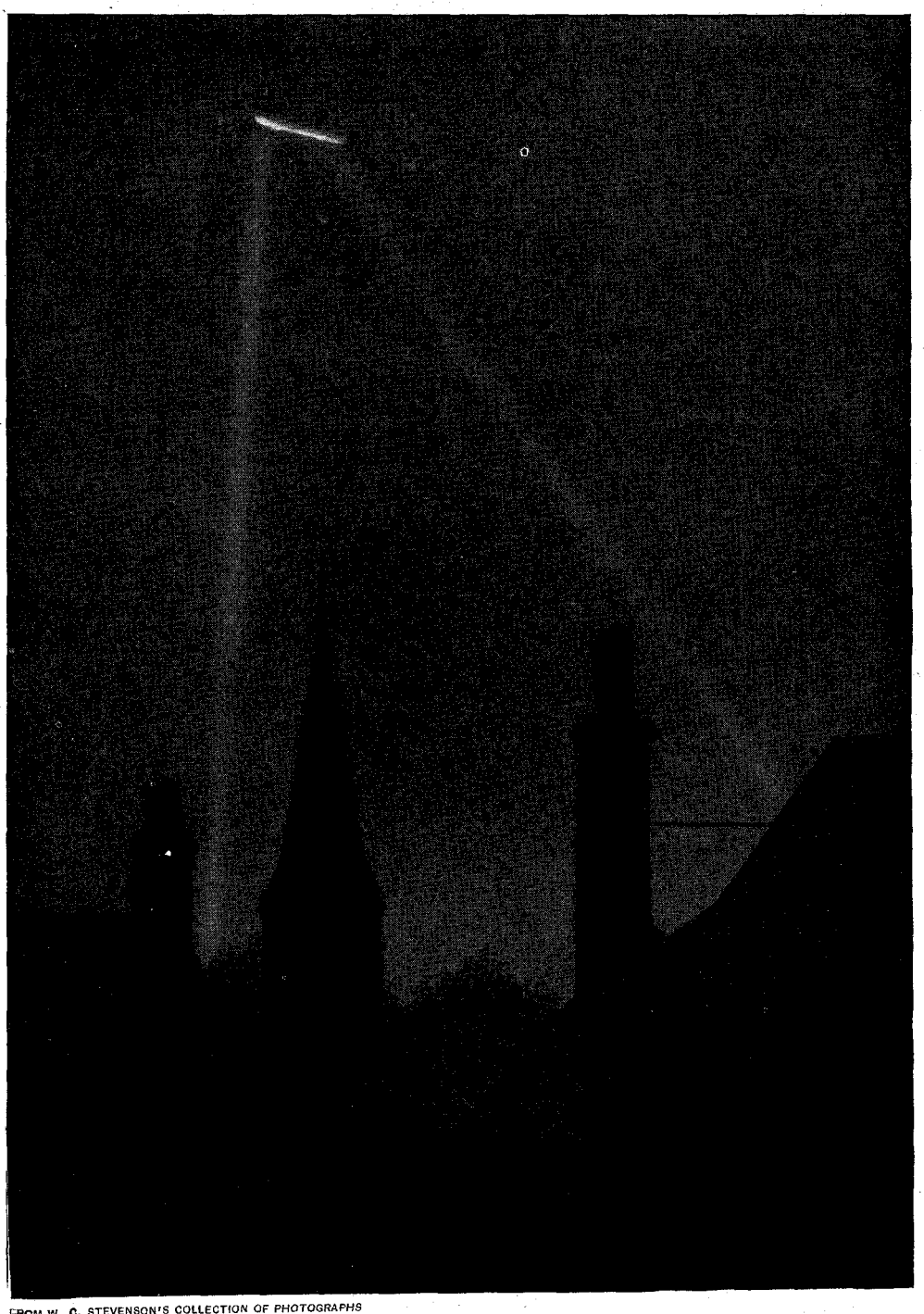

FROM W. C. STEVENSON'S COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS

THE RAID

Snapshot of a Zeppelin flying over an English town and illuminated by searchlights

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inflicting enormous damage if he attack in sufficient numerical force and is prepared to act with determination in spite of any losses he may sustain; no reasonable superiority in the defending aircraft, either individually or numerically, can be entirely effective. Neither can we pin our faith to counter-aircraft artillery; under the conditions in question it may prove to be almost useless.

The lieutenant ended our conversation at the Flandre that afternoon with the prediction that we would probably see the aeroplanes of the Allies over Namur soon, now that the local sheds boasted one of the very newest super-Zeppelins.

"But if they do come, they will not all go back, I fear," he concluded.

It was towards the end of September, a little over a month later, that I said good-by to Namur. Motoring out by Fort Emines, I passed the air-ship camp for the last time.

It stood in a large field which was moderately well protected by mitrailleuses, anti-aircraft guns, barbed-wire entanglements, and a high wire fence, not to mention a serious-looking band of tall sailor sentinels; and it consisted of three huge hangars. These were parallel to each other and about one hundred yards apart. They were all steel frameworks; the outer two covered with wood, the middle one with yellow canvas. The roofs of the wooden ones were painted a brownish green, like the surrounding fields; the canvas one from its natural color was supposed to resemble a plowed plot; and the doors of all three had landscape effects sketched in a free and futuristic spirit to blend them with the surrounding country. But, in spite of these efforts to gloss over the mere fact of their existence, these Zeppelin hangars remained about the most prominent landmarks for miles around.

My last impression of Namur was of the faithful old "Landstormers" as they were seated on their wooden observation towers sweeping the heavens for hostile aircraft, their tobacco pipes rivaling in length their long telescopes.

It was not until the middle of August, 1916, just a year after our conversation at the Flandre, that the Allies did raid Namur. So the lieutenant's prediction was late in coming true. However, he was right in part: the *communiqués* have reported that one of the Allies' aeros never returned. Evidently the aged watchers of the hills were not caught napping.

Not long after leaving Namur I crossed the electric and barbed-wire barricade which holds the Holland frontier, flung my Kaiserlich passport at the last of the sentinels, and set sail for England again.

I arrived in London in the wake of the Zepp raids which ruined the roof of the Belgian Relief Office at 3 London Wall, wrecked the houses out Finsbury way, and opened up the great holes in the pavements in Russell Square and along Kingsway.

After a short visit in the city I journeyed out to spend a week in the little town of Hertford. As it had been my custom to go there during the Oxford vacations and to put up at the Salisbury Arms for study, I had a most homelike desire to renew my acquaintance with the ancient place and its friendly inhabitants.

Hertford is the typical old, unspoiled English country town, with its High Street, its quiet churchyard, and its bustling inns. Located just twenty-six miles north of London on a twist of the little river Lea, it lies in the midst of a countryside which seems the very symbolization of unthrobbing peacefulness, with its slow-footed cattle and its far-away sheep in their pleasant pastures and deep hedgeways.

In this same atmosphere and just over the hills from Hertford is Cuffley, where that Zeppelin came crashing down like a bolt from the blue a short time ago.

The boast of the Salisbury Arms is that its doors have never been closed since Cromwell's time; and certainly the old walls, the pewters, the furniture, the raftered ceilings, and the huge fireplaces seem to bear it out.

In the evenings an assemblage which seemed to my imagination quite in keeping with the character of the ancient place was accustomed to gather before the sea-coal fire of the tap-room. Regular habitués always appeared. Mr. Bones, tailor and local practical joker, would burst in, slamming the door behind him, and threaten the orderly ranks of glasses and bottles with his stick—to the perennial consternation of the barmaid. Mr. Ames, saddler and misanthrope in general, would follow and take the chair closest to the fire. Mr. Burrows, bookseller and controversialist, would arrive last, as a rule, and throw a little fuel on the evening's attack on the Government, which would usually be at the "curtain fire" stage about that time. Every one who has ever visited an English tap-room knows that the grilling of the Gov-

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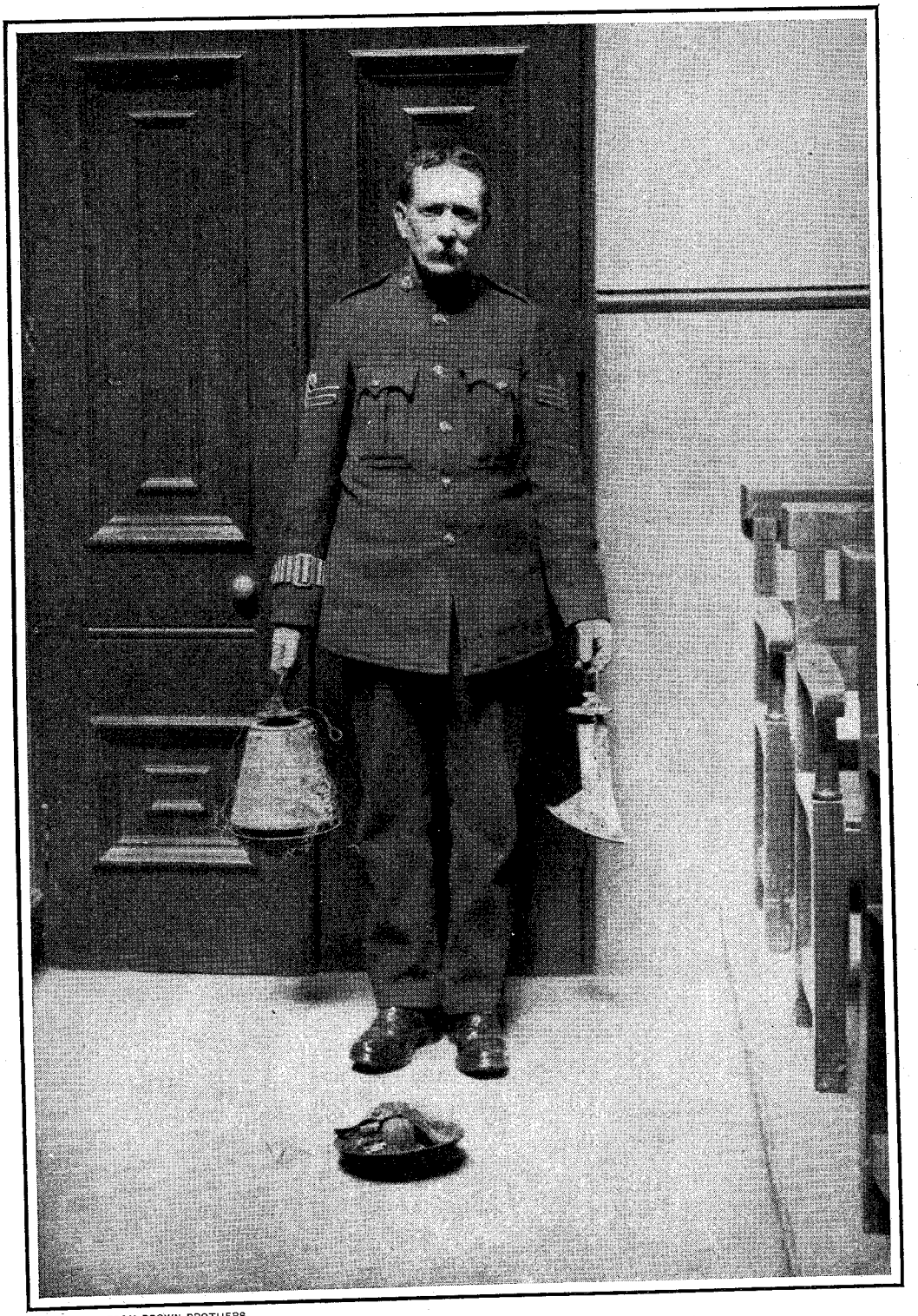

PHOTOGRAPH FROM BROWN BROTHERS

AN ENGLISH CONSTABLE HOLDING A ZEPPELIN'S BOMBS

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THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY A ZEPPELIN RAID

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ernment forms an inevitable part of the evening's entertainment. And the Salisbury Arms, in addition to being no exception to this rule, was a Tory inn. One soon grew fond of it all.

The evening of my arrival I was given a royal welcome and put in my old place with a speech by Mr. Bones. He insisted that the bench had been kept sacred to my memory all the time I was "in the 'ands of the 'Uns in poor little Belgium." Then the regular attack on the Government began, this time upon its air policy in particular. In the recent German raids Zeppelins had passed very close to Hertford in their attempts at Enfield and the London district. Indeed, the people at Bayfordbury, just outside the town, had seen the air-ships themselves in the distance. So Hertford was beginning to consider its position in a Zeppelin-haunted region.

"But why aren't you more strict with your lights, then?" I asked. "In Oxford, which thinks itself well away from the danger zone, the authorities would never allow anything like the windows of this room with nothing but yellow shades to dim them."

"Oh, putting out the street lights is enough, and bad enough, too; the Zepps won't bother *us*," grumbled Burrows. "What they are after—the beastly brutes—is Ware and Enfield, where the munition stores and mills are."

"No, they don't want us," added Ames; "we haven't even a searchlight, to say nothing of a gun; nothing but a few slackers like Burrows here." And he gave the individual in question a playful prod with his stick.

That was the sentiment of the Salisbury Arms, and was quite typical of Hertford and many other English country towns at that time.

Three evenings later—to be exact, the evening of October 13, 1915—the same assemblage was gathered, each member in his accustomed place. Bones was just back from a day's trip to London, where he had met a friend belonging to the "A. A.," who had converted him to the adequacy of London's aerial defense. So the talk was running unusually high.

I arrived just in time to hear the end of his description of his friend's pet "Archie," or anti-aircraft gun—". . . in a field just at the bottom of his garden, you know; expect it will bust all the windows when it is fired, but it'll give the Germans something to think about."

He had scarcely finished when the door opened from the street and Kelson, one of Hertford's new special constables, poked in his head to announce, cheerfully: "Harwich has just telephoned a raid on to-night. Haven't seen anything yet, though."

"Top hole chap that, one of Hertford's brightest and best," was Bones's only comment as the door slammed after Kelson.

Half an hour later the bustle of running feet could be heard in the street, and far away the Panshanger hounds began howling.

Again Kelson poked his head in, this time to order in an excited whisper: "Put out that light; look sharp! There's one coming!"

Out went the light, and we all groped our way hurriedly but quietly to the street. Outside we flattened ourselves against the building and waited.

At first nothing could be heard but the distant howling of the hounds; the bustling in the street had ceased. Gradually, however, a faint humming became audible, like the far-away roar of a tremendous electric fan. It awakened memories in me of Brussels and Namur. A Zeppelin was coming.

It was about nine o'clock, very dark and cloudy, with a bit of fog in the air, but calm—ideal conditions for a raid.

Louder and louder grew the humming, till it almost approximated a roar. This was certainly no "LZ 74" coming, but one of the older models. Still nothing could be seen. At last, however, there was a sudden awestruck whisper, "There she is!" and the dim outline of the cigar-shaped monster appeared.

It was just over the church spire. Flying surprisingly low, and at about a twenty-five or thirty mile pace, it passed over the village. Straight it went, Hatfield way. Disappearing one moment and reappearing the next in shadowy outline in the clouds and fog, it looked for all the world the picture of the modern Flying Dutchman.

Long after we had caught our last sight of it, and long after its peculiar humming sound had died away in the distance, we all stood by the wall of the inn, awestruck and silent.

Finally Bones announced that he needed something very badly, and we returned to the tap-room. Lights were turned on again, but this time not before rugs had been care-

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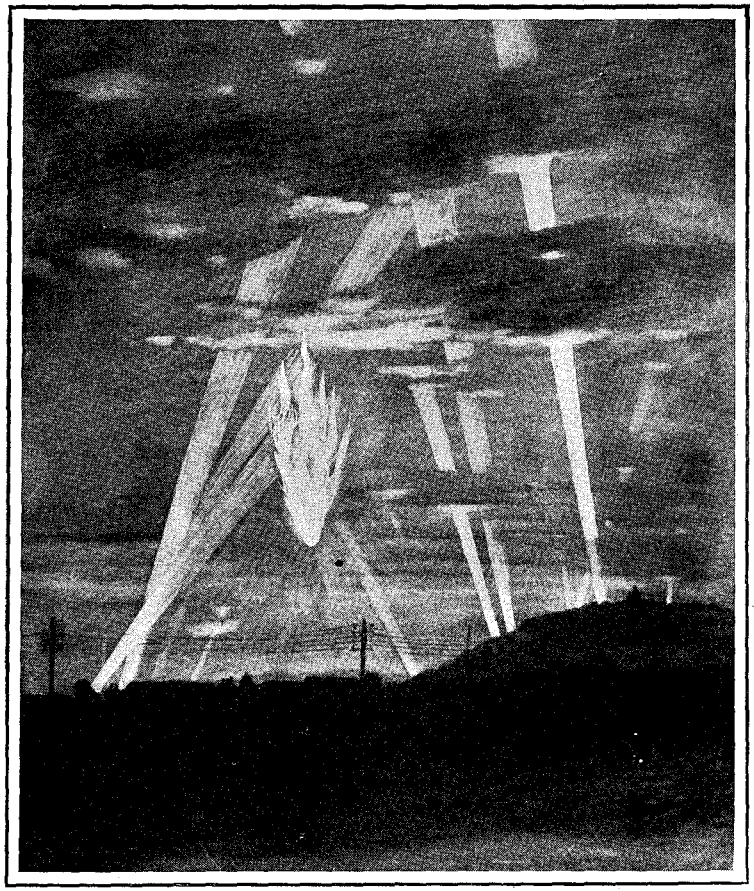

PHOTOGRAPH FROM BROWN BROTHERS

A BLAZING ZEPPELIN FALLING TO THE EARTH AFTER BEING STRUCK BY ENGLISH MISSILES

This picture was made by an artist who witnessed the destruction of a Zeppelin during a recent raid

Pease in the Newark Evening News

AN AMERICAN CARTOON ON THE DESTRUCTION OF ZEPPELINS BY ENGLAND

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fully nailed over the windows. Talk was resumed, but there was little fun the remainder of that evening. The gathering broke up early; soon only four of us were left.

About a quarter before eleven Ames and Burrows announced that they were going over to the Conservative Club to see if there was any news of the raid. The club-house was about four minutes' walk away, across the square and down by the bridge. "Good-night, cheer o' men," they said. The door slammed, and Bones and I were left alone in front of the fire.

Four minutes later the heavens burst!

An explosion that blasts and ridicules description was followed by an instant of tearing and crashing—the sound of falling walls and shattering windows.

Then ensued a succession of explosions—powerful, but as nothing after that first appalling cataclysm. In the brief seconds between them the hiss of roaring flames filled the air.

Finally—it seemed a long time, but was probably not more than two minutes—the explosions ceased; there were a few final crashes of falling walls, and then only shrieks and moans above the rapidly dying roar of the flames.

The inn had rocked, the bottles and glasses had fallen off their shelves, but Bones and I had sat in our chairs like ghosts through it all. For a long time after it was over neither one of us spoke or moved. Then Bones tottered over to the bar to pour himself a stiff glass of whisky from one of the few remaining bottles, and we ventured forth.

There can be no use in describing the sights which met our eyes. Briefly, this is what had happened:

Three miles away there is a little village called Ware, located much as Hertford is on a bend in the river. Ware has some important military stores. A Zeppelin, perhaps the same one which had passed over earlier in the evening, evidently mistook Hertford for Ware.

At least that is the consensus of opinion to-day among the inhabitants of the region.

The Zeppelin opened fire with a "TNT" bomb, which must have been tremendous. Landing directly by the gate of the Conservative Club, it demolished the wall of that building and cut away cleanly the fronts of three brick houses on the opposite side of the street.

This bomb alone killed twelve men. Ames and Burrows were among the number. They must have arrived at the gate of the club just as the bomb struck. No trace of them was ever found.

Then followed Zeppelin "drum fire." The trap door of the raider's munition compartment was opened and alternate explosive and incendiary bombs poured forth in a continuous stream. As the ship was then moving rapidly, these missiles cut a straight swath right across the corner of the town from the Conservative Club past the Mill Head bridge, over St. Andrew's Street, through some gardens, across the corners of a few buildings, and out into the fields towards Bayfordbury.

By a curious but happy freak of fortune, this stream of destruction, while cutting cornices and playing terrific havoc with windows, walls, and gardens, missed hitting any buildings squarely. So, though about fifty people were wounded, the first terrible explosion was the only fatal one. The incendiary bombs for the most part burned themselves out harmlessly.

I visited Hertford again in May of this year. Arriving on the evening train from Liverpool Street, I found the town plunged in Stygian darkness; not even the faintest glow was visible from a single window.

Groping along the High Street in search of the Salisbury Arms, I stopped once to light a cigarette. Immediately a voice from somewhere ordered me to "put out that match and hurry up about it."

I found the tap-room assemblage at the Salisbury to all appearances as usual except for the two friends who were gone. But I had not been present long before I felt the difference in the air—the old light-heartedness had flown away.

The Conservative Club has been rebuilt, and men frequent it again—almost without hesitation. But the houses opposite still stand with fronts demolished. And every evening about nine o'clock a silent band of inhabitants wends its way one mile westward to the tunnel of the uncompleted Great Northern Railway extension. They go there to sleep the night—still haunted by the memory of that tragic October evening.

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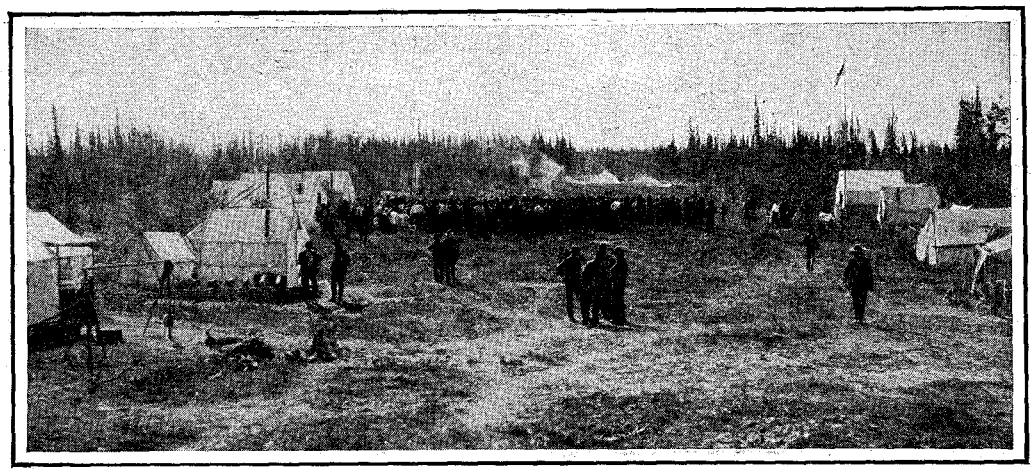

A STREET IN NENANA DURING THE AUCTION SALE OF LOTS

UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST TOWN

BY H. H. LUMPKIN

THE Government of the United States will soon have the record of attempting about everything in the line of constructive planning and building that any nation can undertake. Following close on the heels of the completion of that largest of tasks, the Panama Canal, and remembering also the numerous works of reclamation which can be credited to this same energetic personage, now comes that newest of efforts of Uncle Sam's towards upbuilding a country, the construction of the Alaskan Railway.

While of course not in the same class with the Canal, considered as a herculean task, it is yet no mean thing that is being wrought out in this little-known part of our country's possessions. Starting at Seward, on the coast, thence up by the new town of Anchorage and the Matanuska coal-fields, through the Broad Pass country, in full view of that wonder of Alaskan mountains, and indeed of American mountains, geographically known as Mount McKinley, but known among the natives by the more euphonious and meaningful title of Denali, straight across to the Tanana River, and thence to Fairbanks, the metropolis of the interior, it will be a wonder road in more senses than one. Most wonderful, perhaps, in that it will open up for exploration and conquest country that has been indeed trod lightly by the foot of explorer and prospector, but which still holds out much for the man who wishes to search into the past or help make the present of this last of American frontiers.

But in constructing such a road it was necessary that the force constructing the road should also have to construct towns, and it is to tell of the beginning of the latest of these along the line of the new road that this article is written.

Situated at the confluence of the Tanana and Nenana Rivers, in Alaska, this, the latest effort in town building, had its real natal day when, on August 24, the auctioneer's hammer in the hand of Mr. Christensen, of the Government Land Office, fell, and the opening sale of lots was announced.

Previous to this the town of Anchorage, on Knik Arm of Cook Inlet, had been laid out, and a sale of lots had been held there; and now there is on the coast a thriving town of some four or five thousand inhabitants. But Nenana was, as it were, only a lodge in the wilderness until in the summer of 1916 there arose a town of tents, and the Government buildings, under the sound of saw and hammer and plane, began to take form and shape.

Nenana will be the first point in the interior where this latest big job of our Government will reach the navigable waters of the interior. While it follows the canyon of the Nenana River for some distance, this is but a small stream, navigable for very small boats. But the Tanana River is a large stream, and at

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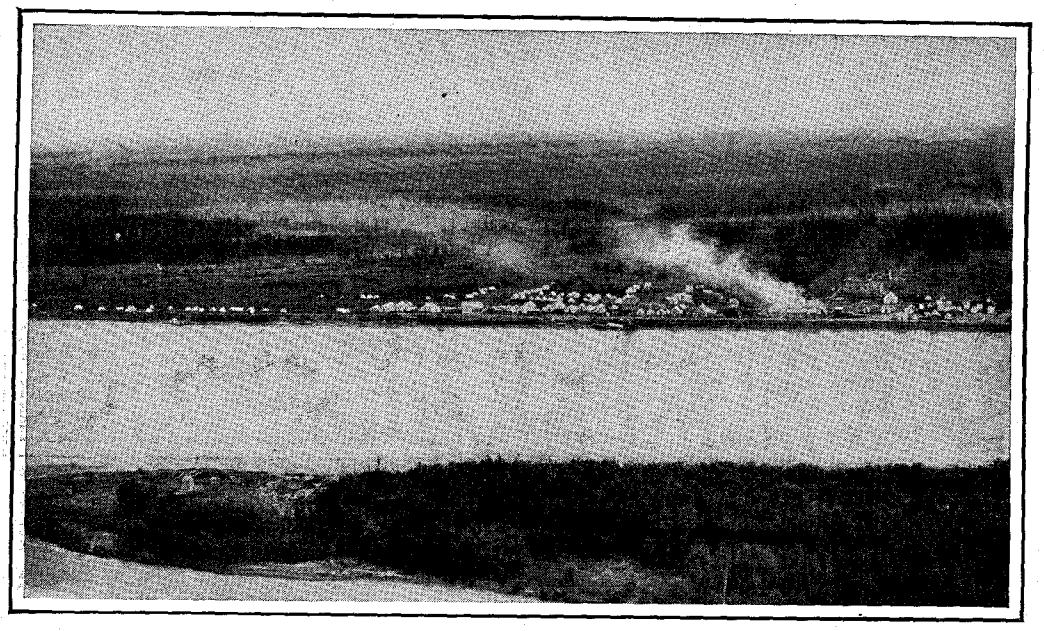

VIEW OF THE NEW CITY ACROSS THE TANANA RIVER

Nenana one that is capable of bearing the largest river packets. So that from this point, when reached by the railway, the lower Tanana River can be supplied, and much of the Yukon. It is probable that coal-bunkers will be built, so that it will be a distributing point for the coal mines of Alaska for the interior. Here also will be a large steel drawbridge, where the railway will cross on its way to the main town of the interior, Fairbanks. Around Fairbanks, within a comparatively few miles, lie almost unlimited quantities of ground that, while not bearing sufficient gold dust to pay to work under present prices, both as regards fuel and food supplies, yet very probably will be worked at a profit when the cheaper fuel reaches the district via the new railway.

The location of the new town is excellent. The river affords plenty of water at all stages, so that there will always be a place for the largest or smallest river boats to discharge cargo without the necessity of lightering. Across the river rise high hills, thus giving it shelter from storm or wind. Much of Alaska's interior winter weather is almost windless, making it possible to endure the severest cold without too great physical discomfort. The town has been well surveyed and laid out. Provision has been made under the Government officials for parks, a school reservation with plenty of room for a large playground, a baseball park, a Federal Building reserve, and wide, well-arranged streets. On one side of the town, along one of the principal streets, is the row of Government buildings—office, mess-room, hospital, and official residences. Back of this is the Government reserve, where all of the Government works will be located. Thus, in its infancy, the town starts right, without having to wonder in future years where a breathing-space can be made or a playground located.

Another provision is that no liquor can be sold in the town while under Federal supervision, and to this end no one who bid on the lots was allowed to pay more than one-third of the total amount bid, the balance to be paid in yearly installments for five years, and the lot to be declared forfeited to the Government should the clause forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors be violated by any owner of any lot. Prostitution is also banned, and, so far as the knowledge of the Government officials goes, will not be tolerated within the corporate limits of the town. During the five years in which the Government will retain charge of the town an official will be placed in charge of its affairs, who is to all intents the Mayor. He will direct all the corporate activities of the town, see to it that sanitary regulations are observed, that streets are kept in repair, new streets laid out as needed, that regulations regarding prevention of fire are well cared for, and all other things pertaining to a well-regulated town

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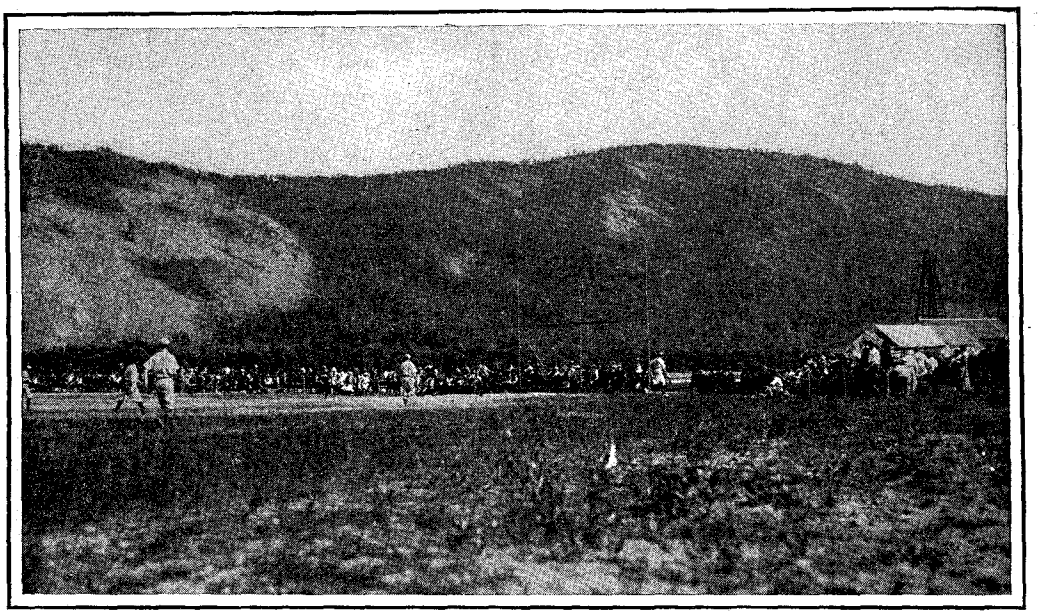

UNCLE SAM'S TOWN OF COURSE PLAYS THE NATIONAL GAME

anywhere. The man who has been thus placed at the head of this newest town of Uncle Sam's creating is Mr. Frederick Ryus, qualified by many years' experience in engineering and civic work to handle municipal affairs in an orderly and systematic manner.

It was not the expectation of the Government officials that the lots placed on sale in Nenana should bring any large prices. In view of this, the appraisal value had been placed at a comparatively low figure. Judging by the sale at Anchorage, where the highest-priced lot had been somewhere around eleven hundred dollars, the sale was not expected to be so brisk in the interior, where there was really less to fall back on at this stage of the work. But the people of the interior of Alaska believe in their country, and when the first lot was placed on sale and the bids jumped up from four hundred for the first bid to one thousand for the second, and ended at sixteen hundred, the auctioneer, after misunderstanding a bid for several hundred, took off his hat, mopped his brow, and remarked to the crowd: "You must pardon me. I am not used to dealing in such large figures."

Many believed that with the sale of the business lots or those which were suggested for business use—for the regulations will not permit the water-front to be used for retail houses—the prices would take a large drop. That idea was probably in the mind of the officials, for after a while they changed and put residence lots on sale, but these also were maintained at a price commensurate with the higher-priced lots.

For two days the sale went on, with unflagging interest on the part of those who attended, and with everything conducted in an orderly and systematic manner. At the close of the second day's sale, just as the announcement was about to be made that the sale was closed, some wag in the back of the crowd shouted, "What will you take for the Tanana River?" "This sale is now off until next spring," declared the auctioneer, and with that closing remark and the general laugh at the sally of the unknown in the crowd, the sale was ended.

It is amazing how a crowd can gather for such a sale. Where they had all come from it is hard to say, yet there they were, some thousand or fifteen hundred. They lived in tents, boats, or hastily constructed lodging-houses. Already restaurants, barber-shops, billiard-rooms, and other familiar things of the town had made their appearance and were doing a thriving business. Here and there in the crowd one could hear old-timers reminiscencing: "Makes me think of Dawson," or "Reminds one of Circle," or some other place that dates back to the early days of the gold fever and rushes in the interior of Alaska and the Yukon Territory.

Under the guidance of Mr. Thomas Riggs,

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the active chief of the interior end of the road, the work will go steadily on. While it will probably be the summer of 1919 before trains will be running into Fairbanks, yet three years is not a long time to be spent in putting through a well-constructed railway. This summer little has been done in the interior except clearing the right of way, stripping it, and preparing it for the grading. However, some grading has been done, and next summer should see much of the road prepared for the laying of rails. The road in the winter will not have much in the way of heavy snows to combat with, for in the interior the snowfall on the average is not very heavy, sometimes not going over eighteen inches for the whole winter. With the Panama Canal completed and in use, with the other great public works in the way of reclamation that our Government has constructed, and now with this Alaskan Railway well under way, Uncle Sam will stand out before the world as the biggest and best builder that this or any other continent has known.

TSUBOSAKA

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH FROM THE JAPANESE BY

MADAME YUKIO OZAKI

The shrine of Tsubosaka, where this popular story is placed, has been celebrated for answers to prayers from ancient times. Tradition relates that when the fiftieth Emperor, Kwammu, lived in the capital of Nara, he was smitten with eye trouble. The head priest of the Tsubosaka shrine, Doki Shonin, offered up prayers to Kwannon, the Manifestation of Mercy, for one hundred and seven days for the Emperor's recovery. The prayer was efficacious and his Majesty's sight was restored. Since that time Tsubosaka has been known as a holy place to which pilgrims journey to pray for blessings, and especially for health in time of illness.

IN a certain village in the province of Yamato, in Japan, close by the hill of Tsubo, there lived a blind man named Sawaichi and his wife, O Sato.

Sawaichi was an honest, good-natured fellow, who earned a bare living by giving lessons on the *koto*[1] and *samisen*.[2]

O Sato was a faithful, loving woman, who by washing and sewing and such odd work earned many an honest penny towards the maintenance of their poor little home.

For some time things had not gone well with the couple; they were growing poorer and poorer, and even the joyful singing of birds and the sound of the temple bell, near by, emphasized their own wretchedness and filled their souls with melancholy.

One morning Sawaichi got out his *samisen* and, striking some chords, began to play.

"Oh, Sawaichi San, what are you doing?" said O Sato. "I am glad to see that you feel in better spirits to-day. It is good to hear you play the *samisen* again," and she laughed as cheerfully as she could.

"Oh, oh, O Sato, do I look as if I were playing the *samisen* for amusement? Indeed, I am in no such mood. I am so depressed that I wish I could die. Nay, I am so choked with trouble that I feel as if I were going to die. Now, O Sato, I have something to say that I have been brooding over for a long time, so please sit down and listen to me."

O Sato sank softly on the mats near Sawaichi, and as she looked at the blind man, trying tenderly and carefully to divine what was troubling him, she saw that he was unusually moved, and the tears of pity rose to her eyes.

Sawaichi cleared his throat after waiting for a moment and then went on:

"How rapid is the passing of time! The proverb is true that 'Time flies like an arrow.' Three years have passed since our marriage, and I have meant to ask you this many times, O Sato. Why do you hide your secret from me so long? We have been betrothed since our youth upward, and we know each other well. There is no need of secrecy between us. Why not tell me your secret frankly?"

O Sato stared at him helplessly. She

[1] The Japanese harp.
[2] The Japanese banjo.

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could not in the least understand what was the meaning of these mysterious words. At last she said, hesitatingly:

"What ever is the matter with you to-day, Sawaichi San? What are you talking about? I don't in the least understand. In the whole of our married life I have never had any secret to keep from you. If you find anything in me that does not please you, tell me, and I will try to mend. Is not this the way between husband and wife?"

"Well, then," said Sawaichi, "I will tell you all, since you ask me."

"Tell me everything," said O Sato, "whatever it is that is troubling you. I cannot bear to think that you are unhappy," and she drew closer to her poor, blind husband.

"Oh, oh, O Sato, I will tell you all—I cannot bear it longer. It hurts me. Listen carefully. We have been married just three years now. Every morning between three and four o'clock I awake and stretch out my arms to you as you lie in your bed, but I have never been able to find you, not even once. I am only a poor blind fellow, and smallpox has disfigured me hopelessly. It is quite natural that you cannot love such an ugly creature as myself. I do not blame you for this. But if you will only tell me plainly that you love another I will not be angry with you; only tell me. I have often heard people say, 'O Sato is a beautiful woman.' It is therefore natural that you should have a lover. I am resigned to my fate and shall not be jealous; therefore tell me the truth—it will be a relief to know it at last!"

It was a pitiful sight to see the afflicted man, for, though he spoke quietly and with evident resignation, yet the despair in his heart caused the tears to overflow his sightless eyes.

O Sato could not bear to see her husband racked by these terrible doubts. His words pierced her heart with pain. She clung to him and said:

"Oh, Sawaichi San, how cruel your suspicions are! However low and mean I may be, do you think that I am the kind of woman to leave you for another man? You are too unjust to say such things! As you know, my father and mother died when I was a child, and my uncle, your father, brought us up together. You were just three years older than I. While we were thus growing up as boy and girl together you took the smallpox and became blind, alas! and, your misfortunes accumulating, you were reduced to poverty. But even so, once betrothed, I will go through fire and water with you, and nothing shall ever part us. Not only do I feel that we are united till death, but it has been my one great hope to cure your blindness. To this end ever since we wedded I have risen with the dawn and left the room stealthily, not wishing to disturb you. Thinking nothing of the steep mountain road, I have climbed to the top of Tsubosaka every morning before it was light to pray to Kwannon Sama to restore your sight.

"Lately I have felt disappointed with Kwannon Sama, for my prayer is never answered, though I have prayed earnestly for three years, rising before the dawn to climb to her temple on the hill. Knowing nothing of all this, you condemn me as being faithless to you. It makes me angry, Sawaichi San," and here poor O Sato burst into tears and sobbed aloud.

Sawaichi realized how false his suspicions had been, and how unworthy they were of his devoted wife. At first he could not speak, but stammered pitifully. At last he found his voice and burst out:

"Oh, my wife, my wife! I will say nothing more. I have talked nonsense, like the poor blind fellow that I am. Forgive me, forgive me! How could I know what was in your heart?" and here he joined his hands together, raising them in a gesture of entreaty, and then with his sleeve wiped away the tears from his eyes.

"Ah, no, no—not this! Do not ask pardon of your own wife. It is too much!" said O Sato, in distress. "I can face death if your doubts are dispelled."

"The more you say, the more I am ashamed before you. Though you pray so earnestly, O Sato, my eyes will never recover their sight."

"What are you saying? Oh, what are you saying?" exclaimed O Sato. "It is only for you that I have borne all this, walking barefoot to the shrine of Kwannon Sama every day for three years, thinking nothing of the wind or snow or frosts these wintry dawns."

"I am indeed grateful to you for your devotion. But as I harbored suspicions of you for a long time, thinking evil of your good, even if I pray, my prayers to Kwannon can be rewarded only by punishment, and my eyesight will never be restored."

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"No, no, Sawaichi San, do not say such things," answered O Sato. "My body is the same as your body. Talk nonsense no more, but control your mind with firmness and come with me to Kwannon Sama, and let us pray together."

Sawaichi rose from the mats, the tears falling from his eyes.

"Oh, my good wife, I am indeed grateful to you. If you are so determined, I will follow. It is said that the grace of Buddha can make a dead tree to blossom. My eyes are like a dead tree—oh, oh, if only they might blossom into sight! But, though I am a great sinner, who knows? Perhaps in the next world. Now, my wife, lead me, as ever, by the hand."

O Sato busied herself opening the *tansu* [1] and getting out Sawaichi's best clothes. She helped him to change, speaking encouraging words the while. Then they set out together and climbed the steep ascent of Tsubosaka, Sawaichi leaning on the staff in his right hand.

The couple at last reached the temple, breathless after the hard climb.

"Here we are, Sawaichi San," said O Sato. "We have come to the temple, we are now before the gate. Though prayer and devotion are important in the recovery of health, they say, illness is often due to nerves. If you allow yourself to be so low-spirited, your eyes will only grow worse. Therefore at such a time how would it be for you to sing some song to cheer yourself?"

"Yes, yes, O Sato, as you say, anxious brooding over my troubles is not good for my eyes. I will sing some song."

He began to imitate with his voice the tinkling of the *samisen:* "Chin-chin-tsu—chin-chin-tsu—chin-chin-tsu," as if he were striking the chords. Then Sawaichi cleared his throat and began to sing:

"Is suffering the cause of love?
Or love the cause of suffering?
My life must vanish like the dew."

The words of the song were suddenly broken by a cry of pain as Sawaichi entered the gate of the temple and tripped on a stone.

"Oh, dear, I nearly fell over that stone. I have forgotten the rest of the song. What does it matter now—ho, ho, ho!" and he laughed to himself, strangely and softly.

They had by this time come to the main temple and stood outside, O Sato gazing at the altar where Amida Buddha and Kwannon, the Manifestation of Mercy, reigned above the lotus-flowers in the fragrant mists of incense.

"Sawaichi San, we have now come to Kwannon Sama."

"Oh, indeed! Are we already there?" answered Sawaichi. "How grateful I am!" Then, turning his sightless face towards the altar, he lifted beseeching hands and, bowing his head reverently, repeated the Buddhist invocation.

"*Namu Amida Butsu! Namu Amida Dai Butsu!* (All hail, Great Buddha!)

"Listen, Sawaichi," said O Sato, earnestly. "This night let us stay together here and pray through the night without ceasing."

Then they both began to pray. The chanting of their supplication rose up clearly in the stillness of the evening hour, and it seemed as if the sand of Tsubosaka might become the golden streets of paradise.

Suddenly Sawaichi stopped and clutched hold of his wife.

"O Sato," he said, "I must tell you the truth. I cannot believe. I came simply because it was your wish. But I shall never recover my sight; of that I feel sure."

"Why do you say such sad things?" answered O Sato, clasping her hands. "Listen. When the Emperor Kwammu was in Nara, the ancient capital, he suffered with his eyes, as you do. Then he prayed to Kwannon Sama, and in a short time he was healed. Therefore, pray without ceasing. Kwannon will make no difference between the Emperor and ourselves, though we are as poor as worms. Believers must be patient and go forward slowly, and with quiet minds trust devoutly in the mercy of Kwannon. So great is his benevolence that he hears all prayers. Worship! pray, Sawaichi San! Pray, instead of wasting time in vain talk!"

Thus did O Sato encourage her husband. Sawaicha nodded his head and replied:

"What you say is convincing. From to-night I will fast for three days. You must return home, shut up the house, and come again. The next three days will decide my fate, whether I recover or not."

"Oh," said O Sato, joyfully, "now you speak wisely. I will go back at once and arrange everything for a three days' absence. But," she added, anxiously, "Sawaichi San, remember that this mountain is very steep, and higher up one comes to the top, which

[1] Chest of drawers.

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falls on the right into a deep precipice. On no account must you leave the temple."

"Oh, no, never fear. I will put my arms round Kwannon to-night—ho, ho, ho!" and he laughed to himself.

O Sato, never dreaming of what was in her husband's mind, hurried homewards, blissfully content, thinking that her yearning hopes were realized and that he at last believed.

Sawaichi listened to her retreating footsteps. When he could hear them no more, he knew himself to be alone. He fell flat to the earth, and cried aloud in the bitterness and darkness of his soul.

"Oh, my wife, you will never know how grateful I am to you for all your devotion to me these long years! Though gradually reduced to the straits of poverty, you have never lost sympathy with me once. You have faithfully loved such a miserable blind wretch as myself. Alas! knowing nothing of what was in your heart, I even doubted your fidelity. Forgive me, O Sato, forgive me! If we part now, we may never meet again. Oh, the pity of it!"

Sawaichi lay on the ground and gave vent to the pent-up misery in his heart. After a few minutes he raised a despairing face and said aloud:

"I will not grieve any more. O Sato has prayed devoutly for three years, and yet Kwannon gives no sign of hearing her supplication. What is the use of living any longer? There is only one thing I can do to show my gratitude to you, O Sato, and that is to die and set you free. May you live long, O Sato, and make a happy second marriage! Now, I remember that O Sato told me that there was a deep precipice on the right at the top of the hill. That is the best place for me to die. If I die in this holy place, I may hope to be saved in the next world. Lucky it is that the night is far gone, and that there is no one about—oh, oh!"

With these words Sawaichi rose to his feet. The temple bell, the last before the dawn, rang out in the silence. Sawaichi knew that there was no time to lose. Groping his way with his stick, he hastened to the top of the hill. Stopping to listen, he heard the sound of distant water flowing in the valley beneath. In his distraught state of mind, it sounded to him like a call from Buddha. With the prayer "*Namu Amida Butsu!*" on his lips he planted his stick on the edge of the hill, and with a desperate leap threw himself out as far as he could over the side of the abyss. For a few moments the sound of the body crashing through the trees and undergrowth was heard as it fell in its progress of increasing impetus down the precipice; gradually growing fainter and fainter, the noise at last altogether ceased; then all was still on the lonely mountain-side.

Knowing nothing of all this, O Sato was hurrying back to her husband, slipping and stumbling along the familiar road in her anxiety to get to him quickly. At last she reached the temple and looked round eagerly. Sawaichi was nowhere to be seen.

"Sawaichi San!" she called, again and again. "Sawaichi San!"

Receiving no answer to her repeated cries, she hunted round the temple courtyard, but with no result. Becoming fearful of what might have befallen him, she called louder than before:

"Sawaichi San! Sawaichi San!"

Running distractedly from the temple precincts, she hastened to the crest of the hill, and there she stumbled upon her husband's stick. She now knew what he had done. Frantically she rushed to the precipice and gazed far down into the abyss beneath. There, in the gray light of the breaking dawn, she could see the lifeless form of her husband stretched upon the ground.

"Oh, what shall I do? This is too dreadful!" she cried aloud in her anguish. Her body trembled in a paroxysm of pain. She called to her husband, but only the mountain echoes answered her.

"Oh, my husband, my husband! You are too cruel—too cruel! Only with the hope of saving you from blindness did I persevere in prayer for so long to Kwannon Sama. Alas! what will become of me, now that you have left me alone? Now I remember there was something strange in his manner when he sang that sad song coming up the hill. It may be that he had already made up his mind to die. But how could I know? Oh, Sawaichi San, if only I had known, I never would have persuaded you to come to this place. Forgive me, oh, forgive me! There is no such miserable woman in the world as myself! No one but God could know that death would separate us now! Blind man that he is, who cannot see in this world, how will he travel alone amid the dark shadows down the road of death? Who will lead him by the hand now? I feel as if I

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could see him wandering and groping there all by himself!"

Heartbrokenly she sobbed for some time. At last she shook herself with resolution, then raised her tear-stained face to the seemingly unresponsive heaven above, and said:

"Oh, oh! I will lament no more. Everything that happens in this life is the result of sin and affinity in our previous state of existence. I will die too, and join Sawaichi in death?"

With clasped hands she repeated the Buddhist prayer, "*Namu Amida Butsu!*" and then, gathering all her strength for the fatal leap, sprang over the precipice and was gone.

The February morning broke clear and bright. Neither in the temple nor on the hillside was there any trace of the pitiful tragedy that had taken place during the night. The mists in the valley and over the mountains dispersed as the sun's rays, advancing swiftly from the east, touched the world with the transforming magic of the splendor of day. Then suddenly a strange thing happened. In the rose and golden glory of the unfolding pageant of the early rushing morning there were wafted over the Tsubosaka Valley the most wonderful and uplifting strains of music, and above the bodies of Sawaichi and O Sato appeared the holy and yearningly compassionate form of Kwannon shining in a great all-space-illuminating radiance.

"Listen, Sawaichi!" said the heavenly voice. "Your blindness is the result of sin in your former life. The end of this life had come for you both, but, through the faith of your wife and the merits of her accumulated prayers, your lives will be prolonged. Therefore believe and devote your lives to prayer, and make a pilgrimage to the thirty-three holy places, where you must offer up thanks for the grace of Buddha. Awake, O Sato! O Sato! Sawaichi! Sawaichi!"

With these words the divine vision disappeared. The temple bell pealed forth the hour of morning prayer, the birds began to sing, the priests to beat their gongs and drums and to chant their orisons, and over the hillside villages and in the temple the world woke once more to life and work.

The two bodies lying in the valley rose up, wondering whether the vision which had restored them to life were a dream. Vaguely they remembered the events of the night. O Sato gazed at Sawaichi.

"Sawaichi San! My husband! Your eyes are open!"

"Yes, yes, my eyes are open indeed! Oh, oh, my eyes are open, open, open! My eyes are open at last! I can hardly believe it!" cried Sawaichi, joyfully.

"Remember that it is due to the mercy of Kwannon Sama," said O Sato.

"I am thankful, thankful, thankful!" exclaimed Sawaichi. Then, looking at his wife, he asked: "But who are you?"

"Why, I am your wife, O Sato, of course!" answered O Sato.

"Oh, you are my wife, are you? How happy I am! This is the first time I have seen you! But how wonderful it all is! When I threw myself over the precipice, I knew nothing more till Kwannon appeared to me in a great and marvelous light, and told me that my blindness was the result of misdeeds in a former life."

"I, too," said O Sato, "followed you to death and leaped into the valley, where I saw you lying all alone. I, too, knew nothing till Kwannon Sama called me. Your eyes are really open, Sawaichi San! Does it not seem a dream?"

"No, no," said Sawaichi, "it is no dream. The most merciful Kwannon called me back to life and by a miracle restored my sight. Ha, ha, ha! As deep as the sea is my gratitude to Kwannon!"

Taking each other by the hand and smiling happily, they climbed to the temple, where they had prayed so despairingly the night before. As they went along Sawaichi raised his hands in worship towards the sunlight.

To this poor couple, now so happily restored to life and joy and hope, the hill of Tsubosaka did indeed seem paradise through the mercy of Kwannon, the embodiment of Amida's compassion.

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IF ENGLAND SUSPENDS GOLD PAYMENTS

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

FOLLOWING this article there is reprinted an editorial from the London "Statist" of September 16 which conveys a very definite intimation that England may find it necessary to suspend gold payments if the war lasts another year.

The "Statist" is one of the most important financial papers in England. Its editor, Sir George Paish, was knighted for his services to his Government, and visited this country early in the war as adviser to the British Treasury. It was therefore natural that the editorial in question should attract great attention here as soon as it was read.

Knowing what we do of British censorship, it hardly seemed possible that such a statement could have been published without the sanction of the British Government, and, although an unsigned cable in the New York "Evening Post" of October 7 says that "the article was apparently the production of a political or financial crank and gave grave offense to the Government," it has not yet been officially disavowed.

Meantime, in its succeeding issue of September 23, the "Statist" itself says that "it is a very common fallacy to suppose that during a great war the one desire of a country is to conceal unfavorable developments and dwell entirely upon the favorable points. The reverse is often the case, especially with regard to the financial aspects of the situation." Then, after recounting British success in financing the war thus far, it concludes: "We must once again add that to those who take a long view of the situation with the possibility of a protracted war there is still no justification for a relaxation of caution whether as regards monetary conditions in London or the question of private expenditure."

All of which would seem to indicate that in British finance as in British politics there are two parties— Conservative and Radical— or "prudent and rash," as they have been recently differentiated. F. W. Hirst, lately editor of the London "Economist," undoubtedly belonged to the party that counseled conservatism or prudence in matters of finance, and it is generally supposed that he resigned his editorship because his cautionary and somewhat pessimistic articles were unpopular.

Vigorous dissent from the views expressed by the "Statist" is not, therefore, surprising, but they justify nevertheless a careful study of the effect upon America of a possible suspension of gold payments in Great Britain.

In order to understand the gold question fully, if indeed that be possible, it is necessary to get a few basic facts definitely in our minds.

The first is that throughout the civilized world gold has a value that is fixed by law. This is to say that certain weights of gold are exchangeable for certain gold coins that are legal tenders in payment of all debts. The parities between the weights of these coins and the United States dollar, together with the rates of foreign exchange in New York on October 9, are as follows:

Parity in Dollars.		Rate of Exchange for Demand Bills.
4.8665 dollars to 1 pound	Great Britain	4.75⅝
5.1826 francs to 1 dollar	France	5.84¾
95.29 cents to 4 marks	Germany	70.43¾
20.20 cents to 1 crown	Austria	12.00
26.70 cents to 1 crown	Scandinavia	28.45
19.29 cents to 1 peseta	Spain	20.12
5.1826 francs to 1 dollar	Switzerland	5.31⅝
40.19 cents to 1 florin	Holland	40.87½
19.295 cents to 1 drachma	Greece	19.45
5.1826 lire to 1 dollar	Italy	6.48½
51.45 cents to 1 ruble	Russia	30.35
	China:	
50 cents to 1 Mexican dollar	Hongkong	52.85
52.96 cents to 1 tael	Shanghai	75.00
	Japan:	
49.84 cents to 1 yen	Yokohama	50.62½
	South America:	
42.44 cents to 1 peso	Argentine	42.93
32.44 cents to 1 milreis	Brazil	23.92

The second is that the world's entire supply of gold in coins or bars in circulation or in banks or government treasuries (not including gold in jewelry or works of art) is estimated at the equivalent in weight and value of about eight billion dollars.

Figuring at 25.8 grains to the dollar and 4,900 grains to the cubic inch, this quantity of gold would be contained in a sixty-foot cube. There are many churches and small public buildings or rooms in New York or elsewhere that would hold all of it very comfortably.

The third is the distribution of this gold

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at the present time, which is about as follows:

Great Britain and Colonies	$1,000,000,000	in banks and circulation
France	800,000,000	in Bank of France
Russia	750,000,000	in Imperial Bank
Italy	200,000,000	in the National Bank
Japan	135,000,000	in banks and Government Treasury
Total Allies	$2,885,000,000	
Germany	600,000,000	in Reichsbank
Total belligerents	$3,485,000,000	
European neutrals	800,000,000	in Government banks
United States	2,500,000,000	in banks, Treasury, and circulation
South America	500,000,000	in banks and circulation
Elsewhere in the world	715,000,000	
Total	$8,000,000,000	

These figures have been compiled from various sources, and, though necessarily an approximation, are believed to be about correct.

It will thus be seen that the United States holds almost one-third of the world's gold supply and nearly as much as all the Allies together.

The "Wall Street Journal" estimated the total debt of the warring nations August 1, 1916, at $66,638,000,000, distributed as follows:

	Pre-War Debt.	Debt Aug. 1, 1916.
Great Britain	$3,485,000,000	$15,106,000,000
France	6,607,000,000	[1] 14,966,000,000
Russia	4,537,000,000	10,363,000,000
Italy	2,836,000,000	4,301,000,000
Total for Allies	$17,465,000,000	$44,736,000,000
Germany (Empire and states)	5,198,000,000	14,291,000,000
Austria-Hungary	3,970,000,000	6,757,500,000
Turkey	640,000,000	854,000,000
Central Powers	$9,808,000,000	$21,902,500,000
Grand total	$27,273,000,000	$66,638,000,000

[1] Includes advances from Bank of France.

As Germany has no external debt and is buying little or nothing outside the Empire, we may eliminate her from our calculations and consider two questions only.

A. Can the Allies support a debt and outstanding paper circulation amounting now to over $50,000,000,000 if they part with any more of their gold?

B. What will be the effect in this country of a further influx of gold?

The answer to question *A* has been supplied by the "Statist."

An indeterminate continuation of the war for another year would probably make it necessary for all the Allies formally to suspend gold payments. All of them except England have informally suspended already, and even in England it is now considered unpatriotic to demand gold for bank notes.

In the event of such a formal suspension it is altogether probable that trading in gold as a commodity would be prohibited throughout the territory under the dominion of the Entente Alliance, and the depreciation of the paper currencies in circulation would be chiefly reflected in the rates of exchange at which bills payable in those currencies could be sold in New York. As will be seen from the preceding table of parities, these rates of exchange already show a depreciation ranging from about forty-two per cent on the Russian ruble to two and one-quarter per cent on the pound sterling, and any further decline would probably be slow, for there is a stubborn faith here in the integrity and financial strength of England and her allies. Anglo-French bonds might also sell lower, for, although they are specifically payable in gold, faith in the ability of the debtor nations to redeem this promise would be somewhat shaken.

The answer to question *B* is, however, more difficult. It is plain that if England and the other Allies formally suspended gold payments, they would do so only that they might be entirely free to use their gold to buy what they needed in neutral countries. The balance of trade in our favor for the calendar year 1916 will be about $2,500,000,000. If the war continues through 1917 and the balance of trade is as large as in 1916, we may have to take another billion of gold in settlement for it.

In that case we should own nearly half the world's gold supply, and its value will depend very largely upon our belief in the ultimate ability and willingness of Europe to re-establish gold as a standard of value. If this belief persists and is justified, we shall be but little the worse for a flood of gold that will commence to subside when the war ends. It is even doubtful whether credits will be expanded and speculation stimulated, as many expect, for our bankers are now too much alive to the peril of such a development to permit it.

It is, however, thinkable that England and her allies, controlling as they will nearly half the world's population and territory, might find it practicable to eliminate a troublesome question entirely and get along permanently with an "inter-ally" paper currency supported solely by their credit and irredeemable in gold. In that case they could pay their debts to us and to others in gold which would be worthless to them for any other purpose,

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and we should be poorer rather than richer for the gold we have or may take in exchange for our products.

Such an idea may seem grotesque and sacrilegious to those for whom the tradition of the gold standard is sacrosanct, but a proposal to demonetize silver would have been considered equally absurd one hundred years ago.

That the entire superstructure of the world's credit should be imposed upon a sixty-foot cube of gold is an absurdity that is being made gradually apparent by the war. If it shall become evident that the joint guarantee of the Allies can support a currency that is redeemable in goods but not in gold, it is conceivable that they will adopt it. Their financial problems would be immensely simplified by such action.

Therefore it is with the economic discovery that may be made if England suspends gold payments that we should concern ourselves rather than with the prospective increase in our gold supply.

If after the war the world goes on as it has in the past, we shall not be much affected. If, on the other hand, the intrinsic value or valuelessness of gold pound for pound as compared with other metals should be revealed, our problem will be a difficult one.

THE GOLD QUESTION

From the London "Statist" of September 16, 1916

The disarrangement of the foreign exchanges by the war and the difficulties experienced in paying gold are naturally exciting unusual interest in regard to what is called the gold question. It is quite reasonable that there should be much discussion and even some anxiety. But the matter is not of the supreme importance which many of those who are engaged in the discussion seem ignorantly to think. It is, of course, the duty of a government, a company, a firm, and an individual to fulfill all contracts entered into. And in the time in which we live nations, particularly the more forward nations, contract to pay all their debts in gold. It would be an act of dishonesty to refuse to do so if the ability existed; and, of course, every honorable person, or corporate body, desires to put off as long as possible a forced infraction of a contract. But the old proverb applies in regard to gold just as much as in regard to everything else: "Necessity has no laws." If a contract cannot be maintained, there is no option but to let it go by the board. The present state of things has arisen out of the enormous cost of the war in which so many nations are engaged. As we pointed out last week, there are no fewer than nine Governments on the side of the Entente Alliance, while there are four on the enemies' side, making no fewer than thirteen Governments belligerent at the present moment. The scale upon which Germany organized her naval and military forces has compelled the other nations to follow suit. And the result is that the cost of the war surpasses anything that even the wildest imagination fancied before 1914. Taking the United Kingdom alone, we are spending at the present time, as our readers know, something over five millions sterling every day in the week, Sundays and holidays included. And the other organized parts of the British Empire are spending largely in addition. Now it is obvious that to find money to pay more than five millions a day is an exceedingly difficult thing, and that it grows more difficult every day the conflict lasts.

All the other Governments, whether allies or adversaries, suspended specie payment when the war began; but the British Government, believing itself to be able to avoid doing so, has succeeded in avoiding it up to the present. It increased taxation heavily, but it very soon became convinced that taxation, however increased, could not provide the means to carry on the war. Therefore it has raised very large sums at home by borrowing in almost every conceivable form. Still, it found that many of its allies were so circumstanced that they could not provide themselves with all the munitions they required, and therefore the British Government undertook to act for those co-operators, which naturally increased its own expenditure. It has, in fact, had to lend to some of its allies and to some of the daughter countries. In addition, all its allies have been convinced by experience that it is cheaper for one single Power to buy than for all of them to go into the market at the same time and bid against one another. Therefore the British Govern-

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ment has undertaken to buy a great many things for its allies and the daughter countries; and, lastly, inasmuch as the merchant shipping of the British Empire is about half the whole merchant shipping of the world, this country has had to provide means of conveyance for not only itself and the daughter countries, but for the allies as well. The burden, therefore, that has been thrown upon the British Government is very great, and the cost, as already said, has now mounted up to over five millions sterling a day. To meet an outlay on this gigantic scale our Government has not only borrowed at home very large sums, but it has borrowed in New York likewise. To do so, it has found it necessary to pledge collateral securities, and at the present moment it is asking its subjects to either sell to it or to lend to it such securities as have a fairly good market in New York, of course intending to raise there a further loan.

All this is done to provide the means of paying gold for the purchases made. And yet everybody knows at home and abroad that the quantity of gold in the world is not sufficient to pay for all the commodities of every kind that the various belligerent countries require.

In all past times a great war lasting for a long time has led to the suspension of specie payments. Our allies, as well as our enemies, suspended such payments at the beginning of the present conflict. We ourselves when we entered into the war against revolutionary France refused for four whole years to suspend specie payments. But in 1797 we had to do so, and we did not find it possible completely to resume until 1820. Again, the United States Government, to put down the secession of the South, had to suspend specie payments, and was not able to resume until 1879. Therefore we see that everywhere outside of England suspension of specie payments has occurred when a great war has lasted long. The question, then, with which the people of the United Kingdom are confronted is, ought we to do as we did in the great war against revolutionary France, suspend specie payments, or ought we to show that we are rich enough and ingenious enough to do what no other nation ever has done hitherto and go on paying in gold till peace returns? The answer, we take it, to the question is, "That depends upon the length of the war." If the Great General Staffs of all the Entente Allies can reasonably assure the British Government that the war will not last much more than, say, six or eight months, the Government clearly ought to exhaust its ingenuity before suspending specie payments. On the other hand, if there are reasonable grounds for thinking that the war will last throughout next year, and possibly longer, it seems safe to predict that specie payments cannot be maintained to the end.

If any reader asks, granting that all honorable persons desire to fulfill their contracts in the spirit as well as in the letter, and granting further that common sense dictates that after a certain time if experience convinces us that specie payments cannot be maintained, will very grave and injurious consequences follow? The consequences will be simply that British credit will decline; that the value of the pound will not remain what it has been; that it will fall. In plain English, if we cannot pay in gold we shall have to pay in either Bank of England notes, or in Government notes, or in some kind of undertaking by the Government that the payments shall be met. If that were to happen, the Bank of England note or the Government note would not rank as high as the sovereign, and, consequently, the prices of everything we should buy abroad would rise. The real economic difference, then, between maintaining specie payments and suspending them is that there will be a general rise in the price of everything we buy abroad, and naturally prices at home will follow. The cost of the war, then, will be increased. But there the injury will stop. It may be said we shall have broken our contracts. But if we are compelled to do so, the world will see we have done it, not through dishonesty, but under compulsion, and the world knows that the British Empire is rich enough and powerful enough to resume specie payments very soon after peace returns. Recollect that about two-thirds of the whole gold supply of the world comes from mines within the British Empire. Therefore we have the means of resuming specie payments if we are forced to suspend them. But whether we shall be forced depends entirely upon the length of time the war lasts. There is not enough of gold in the world to go round when expenditure is on the gigantic scale of the present time. And when so large a proportion of the male population is engaged in war, industry is not kept at the level that would enable a maintenance of specie payments, supposing the war lasts for a longer time than now seems probable.

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DOES THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH HOLD THAT IT IS NEARER TO ROME THAN TO THE PROTESTANT COMMUNIONS?

The Rev. Dr. McKim, who writes the following letter, was for nine years President of the House of Deputies of the Episcopal Church.—THE EDITORS.

The statement in your issue of the 27th of September from the pen of the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, "that the Episcopal Church holds that it is nearer to Rome and to Constantinople than to the Protestant Communions," cannot be allowed to pass without challenge. Such an opinion would have been repudiated by the great body of the Elizabethan divines, by the Caroline divines (commonly called the Anglo-Catholic divines), and generally by the bishops and leading theologians of the Anglican Church down to the latter part of the last century. Columns of your space could be filled with quotations justifying this statement.

I do not deny that since the time of John Henry Newman there are some among us (I trust they are still few) who would accept Dr. Manning's statement.

"The one simple fact" which in Dr. Manning's opinion proves this beyond all question, namely, that the Episcopal Church receives a priest from Rome or from Constantinople without reordination, while it requires that any Protestant minister coming to us must be reordained, means that no man can be a minister *in this Church* without episcopal ordination; it emphasizes the importance of the historic episcopate—it does not mean that no ministry but an episcopal ministry has any validity. So illustrious a representative of the Anglican Church as Bishop Harold Browne (himself a High Churchman) emphatically declares that the Church of England has never taken that ground.

Allow me to quote a passage from the writings of one of the ablest and most learned of our American bishops, the Rt. Rev. John Henry Hopkins D.D., Bishop of Vermont, who in his day was reckoned a very High Churchman. In 1843 and 1844 Bishop Hopkins published two letters to the whole Episcopal Church on the subject of "The Novelties which Disturb Our Peace." One of these novelties was the systematic refusal of the term "Church" to the various orthodox communities of our non-episcopal brethren, of which he says: "In the first place, if I understand the doctrine of the Church, episcopacy is not of its *essence* but only of its *order*. Secondly, those portions of Christendom which retain the fundamental verities of the Christian faith are entitled for the faith's sake to be called 'churches,' although they have lost the Apostolic order of the ministry." Again, he says, alluding to the New Oxford theology: "Surely then, beloved brethren, I cannot err in pronouncing this new system of ecclesiastical polity to be utterly foreign to the principles and hostile to the spirit of the English Reformation. Set the Church of Rome up on the one side, and the Church of Luther, Zuinglius, or Calvin on the other, and let our martyred Reformers be supposed to answer the question: On which side is the Church of Christ which you hold to be the purest, the safest, and best entitled to the name of his spouse and his body, and with which you prefer to cast in your lot if you were compelled to choose between them? And is it possible for any Protestant Episcopalian to doubt what would be the reply?"

Perhaps Dr. Manning, being an Englishman, may not be familar with the important work of Bishop Hopkins from which I have quoted, but he ought to know that there is no ground in the writings, let us say, of the Anglo-Catholic divines for the statement which he has made "that the Episcopal Church is nearer to Rome and to Constantinople than to the Protestant Communions." He quotes Archbishop Bramhall; let me remind him that that prelate said, "Episcopal divines do not deny those churches to be true churches wherein salvation may be had," referring to the Protestant Communions. Let me remind him again that the famous Bishop Andrewes, one of the Caroline divines, said, "He is blind who does not see churches consisting without it" (meaning episcopacy).

Let me remind him once more of the Fifty-fifth Canon of the Church of England, which requires the clergy to "to pray for the Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland as parts of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, which is dispersed throughout the world." Does that look as if the Church of England considers herself nearer to the Church of Rome than to the Protestant Communions?

Finally, allow me to quote the learned Bishop Hall, of the reign of Charles I, who speaks of the Protestant churches as the Church of England's *dearest sisters abroad*," and exclaims: "Blessed be God, there is no difference in any essential matter between the Church of England and her sisters of the Reformation!"

If there is any considerable number of our clergy or people who agree with Dr. Manning's statement, allow me to say that they are cherishing an opinion which is of recent origin and is in conflict with the whole spirit of the Prayer-Book and the recorded opinions of the great body of English divines even to the beginning of the present century.

RANDOLPH H. MCKIM.

Church of the Epiphany,
Washington, D. C.

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BY THE WAY

The public is familiar with the conveniences and luxuries to be found on many American express trains. They seemed entirely complete; but an enterprising railway commissary department, that of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road, has outdone perfection by installing soda-water fountains on some of its popular passenger trains between Chicago and Minneapolis! These fountains will dispense cooling drinks in summer and hot ones in cold weather.

The good-natured proprietor of a Georgia seed store, according to the "Rural New Yorker," adopted a novel method of extracting the seeds from a special variety of watermelon which he wished to introduce, and of which he had a number of specimens. The melons were cut and a great crowd of Negroes were invited in from the street to eat their favorite fruit free. "All that was required of them besides eating melon," says the "New Yorker," "was to spit out the seeds into a trough. A mountain of melons soon melted before these faithful eaters." Here, no doubt, if ever, there was genuine joy in productive work.

The spoils of war rarely afford the world's markets a greater curiosity than is brought to light by an item in a recent auction sale in New York City—the covering of the ceiling of the Imperial Palace at Peking, a magnificent piece of heavy corded yellow silk 21x19 feet, embroidered with Imperial dragons. The story that goes with this lot is that the furnishings of the Imperial Council Chamber were regarded as profaned by the presence of the foreign envoys who settled the Boxer troubles at Peking in 1902. The furnishings were therefore courteously divided among those who had unwittingly destroyed their value to the Chinese officials. This glorious canopy found its way to America, where it may now grace some millionaire's salon.

An unusual advertisement, which appeared recently in a New York daily, is as follows:

LOST—A BROWN KNOX HAT.

Suddenly left owner's head in tonneau of passing auto at 26th St. and 5th Ave. Finder please notify M. H. O., Madison Square 2797, and be treated to a good lunch.

Another rather remarkable appeal in the same New York paper comes from an advertiser in Detroit, who wants a kitchenmaid and a cook. She has apparently failed to discover them in her own vicinity and is under the necessity of trying to find them in far-away New York and paying transportation to Detroit. A housekeeper certainly has her troubles!

The Actors' Equity Association, of which Francis Wilson is the President, is trying to obtain for actors the right to vote, which they have theoretically, but seldom exercise owing to their domiciliary changes. "We must work," said Mr. Wilson at a recent meeting, "for an amendment to the general election laws which would give us an opportunity to vote wherever we are."

The Bakongo people of equatorial Africa, according to John E. Weeks in his book about them, have many sententious proverbs. A boastful, conceited man, for instance, is reminded by them that *cocks that crow have only come from eggs;* the impossibility of doing two things at once is expressed by saying, *A dog has four legs yet it cannot walk in two roads;* the fact that we bear others' burdens lightly is hit off by the phrase, *A load of salt on another man's head is easily carried;* while the wisdom of discretion is thus expressed—*If you receive a message, deliver it; but if you are only told of an affair, leave it where you heard it.*

Women, Mr. Weeks says, loom large in Congo village and town life. So far from being meek and docile slaves to their lords and masters, they are frequently dominant factors in the public affairs of the tribe. "They state their opinions freely and forcibly, they criticise unreservedly the actions of the men; they speak loudly as they sit at the open-air fire, and the chief and the headmen hear and profit by the advice thrown on the night air; and it is curious how many men at the next palaver hold views that jump with those that, a night or so before, were flung by a strong-minded woman at the stars."

Is the steamer Storstad to be counted a lucky or an unlucky ship? This vessel, which two years ago sank the Empress of Ireland in a disastrous collision, has again figured in an accident of a similar character, coming off scot-free, while the Hafters, with which she collided, was seriously injured.

Apropos of the difficulty of selling second-hand articles, a subscriber tells about her experience in disposing of old rags. "One day my husband said," she writes, "'Save your old rags; you can get money for them.' So I began saving them, and filled bag after bag. At the end of five years we moved to the city, and in doing so found the bags very convenient to keep the furniture from being rubbed. A few weeks later my husband came home in great glee, and exclaimed, 'I have sold your rags!' 'How much did you get?' With eyes sparkling, he took my hand and deposited the whole of *twenty-five cents!* I have never saved rags since." The story would sound better if the husband had continued, "My dear, this is a joke. A silk dress is coming to you, bought with the balance of the proceeds I got for those rags."

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